1961

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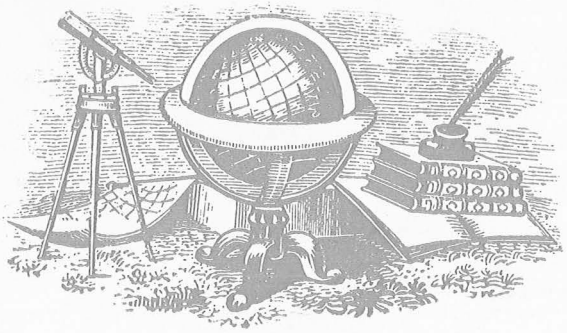

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

OF THE

CALIFORNIA HISTORY FOUNDATION

AND THE

JEDEDIAH SMITH SOCIETY

August 1961

UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC

STOCKTON 4, CALIFORNIA

THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN

VOLUME V AUGUST 1961 NUMBER 3

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If you are a serious historian—want to know the pioneers first-hand—what they thought and how they talked—you will treasure this *Quarterly.*

The annual subscription is $3.00 and a membership in the Jedediah Smith Society at $5.00 per year includes a subscription to *The Pacific Historian.*

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THAT SEASONED LIFE OF MAN, PRESERVED AND STORED UP IN BOOKS

"Many a man lives a burden to the earth," said John Milton, "but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

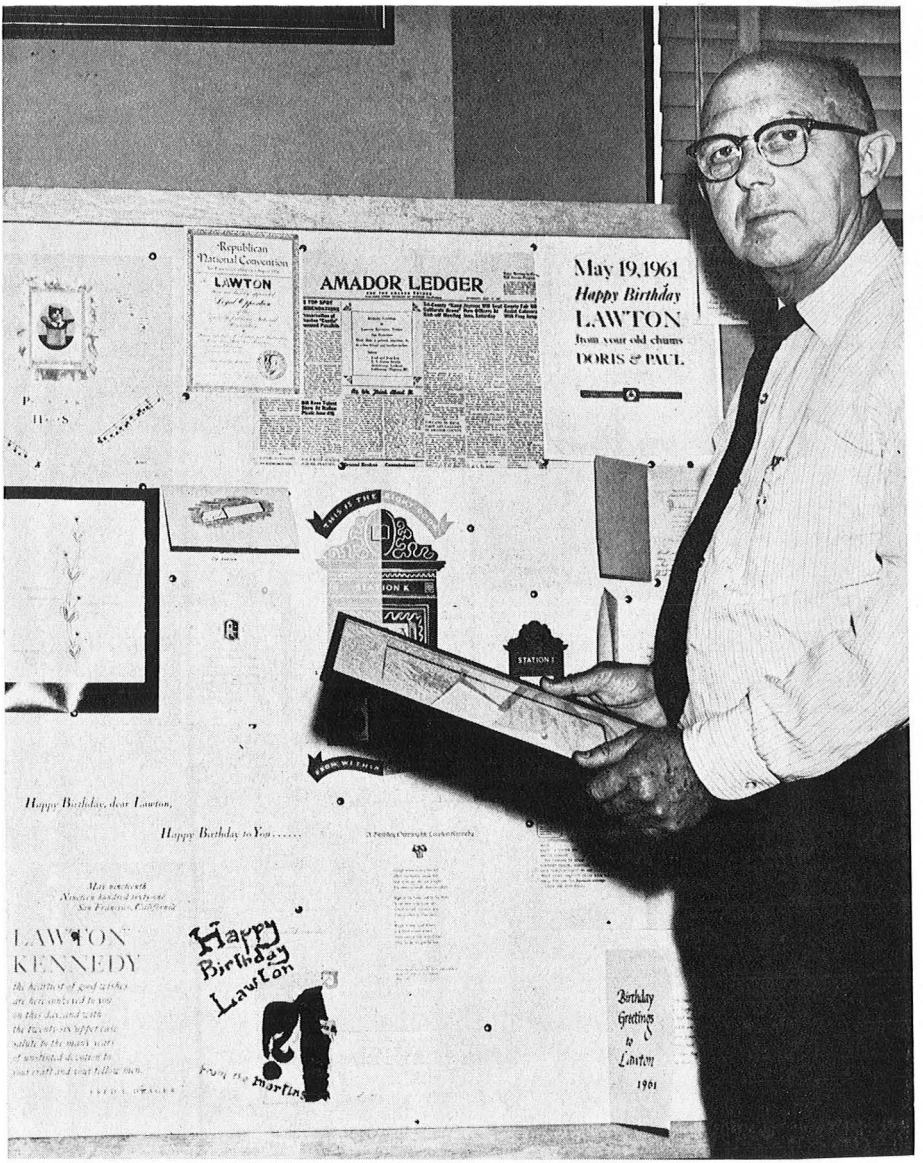
We live in an age of shattered and shattering values. It is not alone the insecurity of life which unnerves us; it is our unsureness of ourselves. John Milton lived in a time, the seventeenth century, which was marked by a similar disorientation; Copernicus and Galileo and Kepler took man and his world from the center of things, around which all else revolved, and left man on a minor planet circling a star in a vast universe. John Dunne summed it up in his lines: "The Sun is lost, and the earth, and no man's wit can well direct him where to look for it." The "new Philosophy," he said, "calls all in doubt": " 'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone; all just supply, and all relation."

The chaos in man's understanding of the natural order was matched by turbulence and revolution in the social and political order in which Milton and Dunne lived, but they went on to spend their lives in the search for truth, and in the creation of beauty; though the framework of man's existence was shifting, the eternal verities of man's nature held firm.

We know a man by his work, by the way he pays his passage through the world. What service does he render to his fellow-men, in return for the services he receives from others. To measure success by the accumulation of wealth is, of course, to betray a despicable scale of values and to stand condemned by wise and good men from the beginning of time; in some times and places, such as ours, there is a large measure of reverse validity in that standard.

It becomes increasingly difficult to find meaningful, satisfying, honorable work in a world in which frenetic production and consumption are divorced from ends, from values. In few endeavors, surely, is the service of truth and beauty so joined as in the creation of books. Giving immortality, so far as man can give it, to the thoughts and ideas and experiences of men by the craft of bookmaking, is one of the most rewarding tasks left in our world. To make that book a work of art, a thing of beauty, is to make the most of the rare opportunity.

Milton was writing against censorship, in favor of free circulation of ideas, when he said "we should be wary . . . what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books." So we should. We should also be properly appreciative of the contribution of the printer-artist by whom it is so finely stored and preserved against spilling. And so this tribute to Lawton Kennedy.


Republican National Convention
LAWTON
AMADOR LEDGER
May 19, 1961
Happy Birthday
LAWTON
from your old chums
DORIS & PAUL
Happy Birthday, dear Lawton,
Happy Birthday to You.....
LAWTON KENNEDY
Happy Birthday Lawton
Birthday Greetings to Lawton
1961

LAWTON KENNEDY

On May 19, 1961, western historians and printers paused to write, or print, their personal admiration for the Dean of History Printers, Lawton Kennedy of San Francisco. These letters, cards, and mementoes came from every part of the country. Even the President of the United States found time to express his good wishes.

Lawton's love for fine printing began many years ago. One of the eldest in a family of ten children, his earliest recollections are of a Methodist minister's various parsonages. In 1905, his father, Alfred J. Kennedy, was assigned as pastor to build the Shattuck Avenue Methodist Church. By 1913, the family was living in a different parsonage. An empty garage, an opportunity to buy a printing press at a bargain, and the judgment, or fate, that saw the vocational possibilities for seven growing sons, started the project. Five of those seven sons went out of that garage into regular printing shops or related enterprises.

Through the Lawton Kennedy presses have rolled the tales of discovery, the patient accomplishments of the Mission Fathers, the birth-pains of Mexican and American settlements, the growing-pains of local institutions, the heroic deeds of the Defenders, and the records of the growth of pioneer days.

Let us say, then, that Lawton Kennedy's place in the realm of western history is to congeal and preserve in an exceptional manner for all posterity the records of the past. It is fitting, then, that on his recent birthday, scores of authors united in the sentiment that a Lawton Kennedy book is truly "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

R. R. S.

CALIFORNIA LOCAL HISTORY

By R. Coke Wood

In June, 1954, the Conference of California Historical Societies was organized at Columbia by 106 delegates from 31 historical societies. Its purpose, as stated in the bylaws, was to "assist the local societies in achieving their own objectives." The officers elected were: Dr. Rockwell D. Hunt, President; Harold G. Schutt, Vice-president; Mrs. Doris Foley, Treasurer; and Dr. R. Coke Wood, Executive Secretary.

After annual meetings at Monterey, San Jose, San Diego, Hoberg's in Lake County, San Mateo, and Bakersfield, the Conference in 1961 returned to its place of origin. Many of the original founders were still active at the recent meeting. Present were 210 delegates representing 51 historical societies and a total membership of 120,000 dedicated individuals.

The Columbia State Park had changed, too. The Fallon House with air-conditioning was a delightful setting for the general sessions; the Columbia House, as well as the adjoining Angelo Hall, with their old-fashioned historical decorations, were ideal for luncheons and banquets. Eagle Cottage, recently restored by the University of the Pacific and the Division of Beaches and Parks, provided a charming meeting place for the Board of Directors.

The growth of the Conference illustrates an idea aptly expressed by Dr. Clement Silvestro, Executive Director of the American Association for State and Local History, as "a history explosion in California." The prestige and influence of the Conference were demonstrated in the struggle to save "Old Sacramento" as a State park, and in the passage of the history-study resolution, as well as the tax-exemption measure which will appear on the ballot at the next general election as a constitutional amendment. Two other annual regional meetings are sponsored by the Conference. They are the Eleventh Annual Symposium of Northern California-Southern Oregon Historical Societies, which this year will be held in Ashland, Oregon, on October 6-7, and the Fourth Annual Symposium of Southern California Historical Societies which will meet in Santa Ana during the first week of February, 1962.

These three annual meetings tend to bind the local historical societies into a common effort and give the stimulation necessary to carry on the work of historical preservation and education.

JEDEDIAH SMITH: LEADING CONTENDER IN THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FUR RIVALRY

By GLORIA G. CLINE

Anglo-American interest in the fur trade of Western North America began during the 1780's, shortly after the Cook Expedition revealed the economic potentialities of the sea-otter trade along the Pacific Coast. It was accelerated after the turn of the century by the Lewis and Clark reports extolling the rich beaver preserves in the upper Missouri. Traders were quick to grasp at these opportunities. Soon the Trans-Mississippi West was being exploited by British trappers pushing out across Canada from Montreal, while representatives of the American fur trade left their headquarters at St. Louis to follow up the Missouri.

With two such vigorous groups bent upon enriching themselves from the same region, conflict was bound to come. This economic rivalry took on political overtones during the 1820's when the trappers pushed into unexplored areas, and trapped others for strategic reasons, hoping that their respective flags would follow their footsteps. During the first few decades of the Anglo-American fur rivalry, the British were the more successful. They depended upon large mercantile organizations to exploit the West, while the newly-formed United States had to rely upon small, loosely-organized companies with limited financial resources. However, by the early 1820's the tide was taking a more favorable turn for the Americans. This was especially noticeable after the arrival of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company and Jedediah Smith upon the Western scene, although the Hudson's Bay Company, so ably represented by Peter Skene Ogden in the intermontane West, was still a formidable challenge. By the 1830's it was apparent that Smith and Ogden had performed their work well for the beaver colonies were declining and profits diminishing. Thus the Anglo-American fur rivalry in the region south of the Columbia and west of the Rockies lost its vigor during this and the following decade. Eventually, this economic conflict was settled in 1846 when the Hudson's Bay Company evacuated Fort Vancouver in favor of Victoria, across the newly-established international boundary.

The first chapter of the Anglo-American fur rivalry was written in the Missouri-Columbia drainage area which had been previously visited by British and American scientific expeditions. Their geographical reports, which included information concerning fur-bearing animals, attracted the attention of several Americans who formed in 1808 the Missouri Fur Company to exploit the headwaters of that great river. Two years later John

Jacob Astor completed plans for American fur activities along the Pacific Coast. However, these companies enjoyed only ephemeral success for the War of 1812 caused the Blackfoot, who had long traded with the British, and who apparently were incited by them, to begin a series of attacks against the traders of the upper Missouri. Finally, Astoria was sold to the British North West Fur Company during the course of the war.

Upon cessation of hostilities, several American companies, namely the Rocky Mountain Fur Company of which Jedediah Smith was a member, began pushing trapping operations into the upper Missouri. However, Indian depredations seemed to be growing worse and no respite was in sight. After a series of attacks which practically crippled the already financially precarious companies, activities had to be halted in that region. As a result, American fur operations shifted gradually to the south to take advantage of trade with tribes of friendly Indians. The British followed the Americans into lower latitudes with the intention of deciding the fur rivalry in the less productive regions of the south. Thus the second and most important chapter in the history of the Anglo-American fur trade was written in the arid environs of the Green, Snake, and Great Basin drainage systems.

The British were the first group to enter this region when Donald Mackenzie, the former Astorian and famous Nor'wester, founded the Snake Country Expedition in 1818.[1] For the next few years Mackenzie and others led this brigade southward into the present states of Idaho and Utah with rather limited success. In 1821 a significant development took place in the British fur trade, which had important consequences upon this traffic. In this year the Hudson's Bay Company, which had been forced to confine its operations to the waters draining into the Hudson Bay by the terms of its charter of 1670, was able to break these bonds when it merged with the North West Company, thus gaining posts on the Pacific Slope.

The Hudson's Bay Company, which was now the dominant British fur trading organization in North America, became alarmed at the American westward movement. This concern is clearly seen in a letter written only one year after the merger of the two English companies when the Governor and Committee commented about an extract from an American newspaper which stated that 150 Americans had left Missouri on an expedition across the Rockies toward the Columbia.[2] This article undoubtedly referred to a party of Rocky Mountain Fur Company trappers who had left St. Louis in the spring of 1822. Ironically, Jedediah Smith was a member of this party, and it was he who was destined to be the personification of the American fur trade in the 1820's. Thus the British had cause for alarm.

British economic concern relating to American westward expansion was translated into practical action, as is evidenced by a letter penned by the Governor and Committee to Sir George Simpson, the director of Hudson's Bay Company activities in North America. In this document the govern-

ing board stated the newly-acquired Columbia Department had not been profitable, but "if by any improved arrangement the loss can be reduced to a small sum, it is worth a serious consideration, whether it may not be good policy to hold possession of that country, with a view of protecting the more valuable districts to the North of it. . . ."[3]

While the British were pondering the action they would take against the Americans, Jedediah Smith and the vanguard of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company were deflected to the south by the Blackfoot depredations in the upper Missouri and the Arikara outburst along the lower course of that stream. In the Wind River country where Smith and his party wintered in 1823, they were advised by the Crow Indians to cross the Rockies by a mountain pass which existed nearby. In adhering to this advice, Smith and his party followed up the Sweetwater River and negotiated the Rockies via South Pass. This crossing constituted the effective discovery of this superb natural gateway which afforded a southwestern orientation from the Wind River area of Wyoming to the Green River and Great Salt Lake region west of the mountains. This discovery, undoubtedly, was one of Jedediah Smith's most significant contributions to geographical knowledge. Certainly it had a profound effect upon American "Manifest Destiny" for within two decades South Pass was to disgorge thousands of homeseekers on its western slopes who overran the Pacific Coast, thus frustrating British designs in that quarter.

After crossing the mountains by way of South Pass, Smith reached the Green River on March 19, 1824. Here he and his party consisting of 11 men divided for the spring hunt and roamed this region until they met at a small rendezvous on the Sweetwater River in June. From this point, Smith sent Thomas Fitzpatrick and two others east with the accumulation of furs for General Ashley. The remaining 7 men and all the horses were retained by Smith for a fall hunt that he was planning into an area farther west than anyone of them had yet gone. To consummate this scheme, Smith turned back across South Pass early in July, and proposed to press his hunt as far as the Columbia. In the Green River Valley, he had reached the farthest limits of the British fur frontier, and now he wanted to launch himself into the heart of the British domain.

Smith did not have long to wait for an encounter with the British, for unbeknown to him, Alexander Ross, the factor at Fort Nez Perce, was leading the Snake Country Expedition southward from that Columbia River post. In the late summer of 1824, in the vicinity of the present town of Blackfoot, Idaho, Smith stumbled upon a forlorn band of Iroquois who constituted a detached party of the Snake River Brigade. The Iroquois had penetrated to the south of the Snake River where they were robbed by a war party of Snake Indians. Smith now struck a shrewd bargain with the Indians by which he agreed to relieve them of their remaining furs in return for conveying them to the vicinity of the Three Tetons where they

would meet Alexander Ross with the main body of the expedition. On their way, they met a search party which had been sent out by Ross to discover the whereabouts of the Iroquois. These Indians now guided the Americans to Ross' headquarters on the Salmon River in Custer County, Idaho.[4]

Fearing that a fate similar to that of the Iroquois might befall them, Smith and his six men decided not to risk turning back to their headquarters at this late season, but instead, to accompany Ross and his party northward to Flathead House near present Thompson Falls, Montana. This would afford him an opportunity to view a region which no Americans since the Astorians had penetrated, and to obtain some information concerning British operations. He was successful in learning from Alexander Ross, and later, Peter Skene Ogden, whom he met at Flathead Post, that the British had some sixty men trapping the Snake Country, and, in the previous four years, had taken out 80,000 beaver weighing about 160,000 pounds.[5]

The return of the Iroquois "trapless and beaverless, naked and destitute of almost everything," was a hard blow for Alexander Ross. He had done well after a poor spring hunt and had counted on the Iroquois for additional hundreds of skins. However, the heaviest blow was the appearance of the Americans and their decision to return to Flathead Post with his party. The Hudson's Bay Company had become apprehensive of the expanding American fur trade. Governor Simpson had stated in a letter written July 12, 1823 to the Chief Factors of the Columbia River District: "The Columbia River District is improving; it may not only defray its expenses, but yield moderate profits if strict economy and exertion are exercised and there is no opposition. The Snake Country Expedition has been fitted out under Mr. Ross, who should be cautioned against opening a road for the Americans."[6] With the appearance of Smith and his men, Ross was unable to comply with the Governor's instruction, and of necessity led the Americans into the heart of British territory.[7]

Upon his return to Flathead Post in November, Ross was relieved of his command as leader of the Snake Country Expedition, and Peter Skene Ogden was advanced to this post. When Ross was succeeded by Ogden, it seemed that this was characterized by something far more significant than the mere changing of the leadership of an interior brigade. Ogden, the old Northwester who had been passed over during the merger of the two companies because of his intense feelings against the Hudson's Bay Company during the competitive period, now was thought to be of considerable service in combatting the American threat. As Simpson put it, "He does not want for ability."[8]

In replacing Ross, Simpson struck the chord that was to initiate a new Hudson's Bay Company policy. This action was to give the heretofore motley Snake River Brigade political overtones which were to have inter-

national ramifications. In referring to the Snake Country Expedition, Governor Simpson said: "If properly managed, no question exists that it would yield handsome profits, as we have convincing proof that the country is a rich preserve of Beaver and which for political reasons, we should endeavour to destroy as fast as possible."[9] Thus began the famous "Scorched earth" policy, a familiar Hudson's Bay Company weapon, which was employed fairly effectively. However, Jedediah Smith and his companions were not deterred in their thrust toward the Pacific, and thus, this policy of systematically trapping out the American West did not produce the desired results until its usage was outmoded by the international decisions of the British and American Governments.

The Governor and Committee reiterated this view on many occasions when they stated: "We are desirous that: Parties should be kept in constant and active employment, should they even do no more than clear expenses, as the impoverishment of the country situated to the Southward of the Columbia, we consider the most effective protection from the Americans."[10]

When Ogden led the Snake Expedition out of Flathead Post on Dec. 20, 1824, he was accompanied by Smith and his party which had returned with Alexander Ross the preceding fall. The combined group crossed Lemhi Pass and passed to the Salmon River where they began their spring hunt. The Americans made much of the journey with the British brigade, and did not take their leave from the latter until April 8. The British and American parties, although now separated, camped close together, and took much the same course southward toward and into the Great Basin. On April 17 Ogden wrote in his journal, "The Americans followed us this day and have encamped three Miles a head but this will avail them naught as independent of our party we have traps twelve miles a head."[11] This entry gives some insight into American-British intercourse in this region and helps to explain, in part, the vociferous culmination of this rivalry, which took place at Mountain Green, Utah, on May 22, 1825.[12]

When Ogden was in the Great Salt area, he was unaware that there were Americans other than the Smith Party in this vicinity, until on May 4 he met a band of Snake Indians who informed him that a party of Americans had wintered nearby, and had gone in the direction that he was intending to take. The clash between the two parties came on May 22nd when Johnson Gardner, the leader of the trappers who had wintered in Cache Valley, entered the British Camp on Weber River and accused Ogden and his men of trespassing, stating that they were on United States soil. He announced to the British trappers that regardless of whether they were indebted or engaged, they were now free and offered to buy their beaver for $3.50 a pound. With such an inducement, some twenty-three of Ogden's men deserted, one-half of all the freemen with whom he had started in December.

Until recently, there was a question as to Jedediah Smith's role in the proceedings, but Dale Morgan's fine researches pertaining to Smith,[13] and the publication of the Ogden and Kittson[14] journals seem to vindicate him. It seems quite possible that members of Smith's group may have been responsible for directing the Rocky Mountain trappers to Ogden's camp, but Smith himself remained aloof from the whole affair.

Ironically, it seems that the Americans, and not the British, were the trespassers, for by the terms of the Adams-Onis Treaty of 1819[15] between the United States and Spain, the Forty-second Parallel was selected as the southern boundary to American claims to the Oregon Country. The area in question was, therefore, in reality, not American territory, but belonged to the recently-created independent nation of Mexico. England had not been party to this agreement, and thus was only bound to the British-American Convention of 1818, which provided for joint occupation of the Oregon Country, an ill-defined area.

This meeting between the two national groups had an important effect upon Hudson's Bay Company policy as is well exemplified by a letter written by the Governor and Committee to Governor Simpson in March 1827. From the contents of this letter, it is obvious that the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company were concerned with the broad aspects of their trade in Northwestern America, and in international developments and consequences. They advised: "We can afford to pay as good a price as the Americans and where there is risk of meeting their parties it is necessary to pay as much or something more to avoid the risk of a result similar to that of Mr. Ogden. By attempting to make such expeditions too profitable, the whole may be lost and it is extremely desirable to hunt as bare as possible all the country South of the Columbia, and West of the Mountains.

"In the event of our trapping parties falling in with any Americans in the Country common to both, the leader ought to have instruction to endeavour to make an amicable arrangement as to the parts of the Country which each will take to avoid giving just cause for accusing our people of any aggression against the Americans or violence except in case of self defense."[16]

For the next two years there were few meetings between the British and Americans. The Snake Country Expedition continued conducting its operations in the Snake River drainage while Smith and his partners, Jackson and Sublette who had bought the Rocky Mountain Fur Company from General Ashby in 1826, pushed into the Colorado and San Joaquin-Sacramento drainage areas.[17] In the late summer of 1826, Smith and his party left the Great Salt Lake region on their historic trip to California via the Colorado River and the Mojave Desert. Due to the inhospitable attitude of Governor Echeandia and Smith's desire to rejoin his partners at the Bear Lake Rendezvous, he and two companions crossed the Sierras and arid stretches of Nevada, and arrived at their destination on July 13,

1827. The change in British attitude was quite clearly seen when Smith returned to California in the late summer of 1827 and wintered in that area before journeying North into the heart of the Oregon Country. By July 13, 1828, the party had reached the Umpqua River, and the worst part of the journey to the North appeared over. However, the following morning, one of the worst massacres in the history of the fur trade took place, and only Smith, John Turner, Richard Leland, and Arthur Black survived. Making their way to Fort Vancouver, the four men were received hospitably and remained there until March, when they left the Columbia to rejoin Jackson and Sublette at the summer rendezvous.

Disaster followed disaster for the firm of Smith, Jackson and Sublette. During Smith's absence, the partners had maintained about one hundred men in the field. These had been divided into groups who had trapped the usual streams of the Great Basin and adjacent territory. However, the Hudson's Bay Company's Snake Country Expedition had been doing its work most effectively, and the catches of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company Brigades became smaller and smaller as the British trapped out these streams. To make matters worse, one detachment, under Samuel Tullock, fell in with Ogden's men and was detained four months because the men could not buy the snowshoes needed if they were to push through to their headquarters. Because of their delay, part of a season's hunt was lost.

After 1827, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company found not only the British trappers in the field,[18] but also Americans, and thus competition was constantly increasing, furs were becoming scarcer and harder to procure, and, most important, the market price was declining. Therefore, in 1830, at the Wind River Rendezvous, Smith, Jackson and Sublette sold their business to Thomas Fitzpatrick, Milton Sublette, James Bridger, and others. Although American trapping operations continued in the western North American area for more than another decade, 1830 marks the decline in the Anglo-American fur rivalry, for in this year, Jedediah Smith and Peter Skene Ogden, the leading contenders in the beaver struggle, left the American-British fur frontier; Smith forsaking it for the more lucrative Santa Fe trade, while Ogden was transferred to New Caledonia, the rich beaver preserves on the British-Russian frontier.

Although Peter Skene Ogden[19] and other Hudson's Bay Company brigade leaders conducted their expeditions intelligently and with imperialistic zeal, Jedediah Smith, more than any other single individual, was able to tip the scales in the Anglo-American fur rivalry in favor of the American cause. Jedediah Smith's topographic discoveries and geographic knowledge focused attention upon the West and thus accelerated the American movement toward the Pacific.

It is known that Smith drew at least two maps during the course of his western travels; one was a sketch made for Father Sanchez at San Gabriel

Mission depicting his 1826 route to California, and the other was a sketch drawn for Dr. McLoughlin at Fort Vancouver in August 1828. It also appears that Smith sent to General Ashley, at some time between 1829 and 1831, a more general representation of his explorations. Too, it is believed that Smith was preparing an elaborate map when he was in St. Louis in 1830–31 before he met his untimely death in May along the banks of the Cimarron River. Although, to date, no original Jedediah Smith map has been found,[20] we can clearly see his influence upon such outstanding cartographers as: A. H. Brué, Albert Gallatin, David H. Burr, the Geographer to the House of Representatives, and Lt. Charles Wilkes of the United States Navy, all of whom were important in counteracting the mythical features, such as the Buenaventura River,[21] which contemporary mapmakers had created. Thus Smith was the first individual to come to grips with the complicated drainage pattern of the West, and was able to give a realistic presentation to his fellow countrymen of the region lying west of the 100th Meridian.

Even more significant than his contribution to geographical knowledge, Smith supplied Americans with two avenues which became the chief arterials to the West and to the Pacific. Smith's effective discovery of South Pass in 1824 provided western travelers with an easy ascent and descent of the Rocky Mountains which was to be utilized by both the Oregon Trail and the Overland Trail to California in the 1840's. Smith's two treks to California in 1826 and 1827 via the Sevier-Virgin-Colorado rivers provided another route to this Mexican Province, for Smith's trail from the Great Salt Lake to San Bernardino tied together the trail established from Santa Fe to the Sevier River by fathers Dominguez and Escalante in 1776 and that pioneered by Father Garces across the Mojave Desert in the same year, thereby forming the old Spanish Trail.

Thus it may be said that Jedediah Smith, in his capacity as fur trapper, explorer, and geographer was truly the chief American protagonist in the Anglo-American fur rivalry. What he did not accomplish in the field against the British during the crucial 1820's, he accomplished posthumously with the dissemination of information concerning his physical discoveries in western America. Thus, he opened the gates of emigrant travel in 1841, which reached flood proportions in 1846, and forced the British and the Hudson's Bay Company to retreat into Canada.

NOTES

1. For further information concerning the formation of the Snake Country Expedition, see: Alexander Ross, *The Fur Hunters of the Far West; a Narrative of Adventures in the Oregon and Rocky Mountains,* 2 vols. (London, 1855).
2. The Governor and Committee to John Haldane and John D. Cameron, Sept. 4, 1822 as quoted in Appendix A, Frederick Merk, Ed.; *Fur Trade and Empire: The Journal of Sir George Simpson* (Cambridge, Mass., 1931), pp. 187–188.
3. Governor and Committee to George Simpson, February 27, 1822, *Ibid.,* App. A, p. 175.
4. Dale L. Morgan, *Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West* (N. Y., 1953), pp. 94–115. Also consult: Maurice Sullivan, *Jedediah Smith, Trader and Trailbreaker* (N. Y., 1936), and Harrison Cliffard Dale, *The Ashley-Smith Explorations and the Discovery of the Central Route to the Pacific,* 1822–29 (Cleveland, 1918).
5. U. S. Senate *Executive Documents,* 20th Congress, 2nd Session, vol. 1, no. 67.
6. Merk, *op. cit.,* App. A, p. 198.
7. Dr. McLoughlin comments about the arrival of Smith and his men mentioning that they were the first party of Americans to visit the Oregon Country after the departure of the Astorians. See: John McLoughlin, "Private Papers 1825–1856", 9 folders in portfolio, Bancroft Library, Document P-A, 155:2, p. 1.
8. Governor Simpson to A. Colville, Sept. 8, 1823, Merk, *op. cit.,* App. A, p. 203.
9. Entry in Simpson's diary for Oct. 28, 1824, Merk, *op. cit.,* pp. 44–47.
10. The Governor and Committee to John McLoughlin, Oct. 28, 1829, Merk, *op. cit.,* App. A, p. 318.
11. *Peter Skene Ogden's Snake Country Journals, 1824–25 and 1825–26: The Publications of the Hudson's Bay Record Society,* E. E. Rich, Ed., vol. 13 (London, 1950), p. 41. Also consult, Gloria Griffen Cline, "Peter Skene Ogden's Nevada Explorations," *Nevada Historical Quarterly,* vol. 3 (July-Sept., 1960).
12. David E. Miller, "Peter Skene Ogden's Explorations in the Great Salt Lake Region: A Restudy based on newly Published Journals," *The Western Humanities Review,* vol. 7 (Spring, 1954), and Miller, "Peter Skene Ogden's Journal of his Expedition to Utah, 1825," *Utah Historical Quarterly,* vol. 20 (April, 1952).
13. See: Dale L. Morgan, *Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West.*
14. The Kittson Journal is included in vol. 13 of *The Publications of the Hudson's Bay Record Society.* See: footnote 10. Also consult David E. Miller, Ed., "William Kittson's Journal covering Peter Skene Ogden's 1824–1825 Snake Country Expedition," *Utah Historical Quarterly,* vol. 22 (April, 1954).
15. See: W. Malloy, C. F. Redmond, and E. J. Treworth, Eds., *Treaties, Conventions, International Acts, Protocols, and Agreements between the United States and Other Powers, 1776–1937,* 4 vols. (Wash., D. C., 1910–1938).
16. Governor and Committee to Governor Simpson, March 12, 1827, Merk, *op. cit.,* App. A, pp. 286–87.
17. For information concerning Smith's objective on this expedition, see: Andrew F. Rolle, Ed., "Jedediah Strong Smith: New Documentation," *Mississippi Valley Historical Review,* vol. 40 (Sept., 1953).
18. Francis Ermatinger Correspondence with his brother, Edward, Mss., P-W4, Bancroft Library.

[*Continued on page 138*]

NEW PROJECTS–JEDEDIAH SMITH SOCIETY

At a called meeting of the Board of Directors of the JEDEDIAH SMITH SOCIETY at Columbia on June 24, 1961, the following projects were authorized:

1. Mrs. Mary Curtis was directed to complete the Genealogical Chart for the family of Jedediah Strong Smith.

2. Mrs. Don Chase was authorized to compile bibliographical information concerning Jedediah Smith, his letters, maps, and journals, together with markers, monuments, plaques, paintings, and other memorabilia.

3. The Secretary-Treasurer was directed to proceed with negotiations for the erection of a suitable Jedediah Smith marker at the crossing of San Joaquin River by Highway #50 between Tracy and Manteca.

4. The President is urged to appoint an advisory committee to explore the possibilities of establishing branch societies along the perimeter of Jedediah Smith's vast western field of exploration, to wit,

   a. California Western College at San Diego, California
   b. Willamette University, Salem, Oregon
   c. Dakota Wesleyan, Mitchell, South Dakota

Members of the Society who desire to assist in any of the above projects, or who have pertinent data, are urged to contact the Secretary-Treasurer, University of the Pacific, Stockton 4, California.

The following new members have joined the JEDEDIAH SMITH SOCIETY since the Annual meeting on March 18, 1961:

American River Association, Carmichael
Everett H. Chaney, Santa Cruz
Dorothy C. Cragen, Independence
Callista M. Dake, Santa Cruz
Folsom Historical Society, Loomis
Walter S. Frame, Sacramento
Mrs. L. S. Gerlough, San Francisco
John E. Goldring, San Leandro
Jacob Hassig, Willows
Mr. & Mrs. Richard T. Harville, Eureka
Mrs. A. R. Hebel, Carpinteria
Verna R. Johnston, Stockton
Mrs. Lester McDonald, Bakersfield
Don Carlos Miller, Orosi
Stewart Mitchell, Sacramento
Brig. Gen. D. O. Monteith, USAF, Texas
Mrs. J. Stuart Moore, Stockton
Doyce B. Nunis, Jr., Los Angeles
Eva M. Ott, Univ. of the Pacific
Mrs. B. H. Risdon, Glen Ellen
Sacramento County Historical Society, Sacramento
Florence H. Scheerer, San Lorenzo
Arnold Smith, San Mateo
Frank M. Stanger, Burlingame
Nathan Sweet, Oakhurst
Donald M. Witt, Porterville

Remember! Jedediah Smith Society Rendezvous!
November 4, 1961

CAN WE SAVE THE UNITED NATIONS?

(The thesis presented to the Fifth Lynnewood Conference, April 16, 1961.)

By MALCOLM R. EISELEN

My topic this afternoon is "Can We Save the United Nations?" Let me hasten to assure you that my choice of topic does not stem from any lack of regard for the United Nations. I am for the United Nations approximately 110 per cent. I make it a point to visit United Nations headquarters every time that I am in New York. I am proud of the fact that one of my former students—Richard Pedersen—occupies a responsible position on the American delegation to the United Nations. I agree with President Kennedy when he says that the United Nations represents mankind's "last best hope of peace." I agree with Adlai Stevenson when he says that "if the United Nations did not already exist, we would have to invent it." In this year 1961 A.D. and 16 A.H. (after Hiroshima), I am for anything that will help to build up the power and prestige of the United Nations. I am for anything that will help to break down the tyranny which the outworn, unrealistic, anachronistic shibboleth of national sovereignty has come to exert upon the lives, the fortunes, and the very souls of men.

I do not choose to mince words at this point. The plain truth of the matter is that the national state is no longer pertinent in the world which Robert Fulton, George Stephenson, Henry Ford, the Wright brothers, Robert Oppenheimer, and Yuri Gagarin have created for us. It is no more equipped to deal with the facts of modern life than were the city states of ancient Greece, the feudal barons of the middle ages, or the helpless states of the American confederation equipped to deal with the crowding problems of their day. The national state was created—in Thomas Jefferson's immortal phrase—to promote the life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness of those living under it. Yet within our own lifetimes, the malfunctioning of the national state has brought death to six million Jews, ten million Russians, five million Germans, nobody knows how many million Chinese, and half a million Americans. It has brought permanent or temporary loss of liberty to men of the calibre of Milovan Djilas, Boris Pasternak, Cardinal Mindszenty, and to countless millions of reluctant inmates of German concentration camps, Russian slave labor camps, Chinese work communes, and West Coast Japanese relocation centers. As for the pursuit of happiness, one does not have to be a disciple of Barry Goldwater or a member of the John Birch society to note that tomorrow is "Black Monday," the day when fifty billion dollars of income tax become irrevocably due.

In the second place, let me say that my choice of topic does not stem from any lack of appreciation for the very real accomplishments of the United Nations to date. I am convinced that but for the firm stand taken

by the U.N. Security Council in 1946, the Russian army would be still in Iran and that nation would be reduced to the status of a Russian satellite. I am equally convinced that but for the existence of the United Nations, the troubled Republic of Korea would long since have become one with Nineveh and Tyre. I am proud of the way in which the U.N. stepped into the Suez situation in 1956 to end a war which none of the belligerents really wanted, but which none would have dared to call off under its own power. Thus, by ending a war in ten days with less than 700 battle deaths, the U.N. may well have averted the outbreak of a thermonuclear World War III, with countless millions of casualties.

I am also highly appreciative of the social and economic activities that are being carried on by the United Nations and its specialized agencies. It has labored mightily to improve food production and distribution in a world where more than half of the population goes to bed hungry every night. It has conducted a vigorous campaign against malaria, a campaign which could result in the elimination of that ancient scourge from the face of the earth. The economic and social activities of the U.N. do not get nearly so much publicity as do its political activities. The political activities are generally right up there on page 1, column 1, while the economic and social activities are likely to be buried somewhere back on page 32, next to the classified advertising. Yet in many respects, these economic and social activities represent the brightest star in the crown of the United Nations to date. There is something very glamorous about stopping a shooting war; there is nothing very glamorous about stopping a famine, or an epidemic. We should recognize, however, that the latter may be just as productive in saving human life as the former.

In spite of the necessity for a United Nations and in spite of the magnitude of its achievement, there is no blinking the fact that today the world organization is in grave peril. Adlai Stevenson, in his first major address to the U.N. Security Council, declared: "The issue is simply this: Shall the United Nations survive?" *Newsweek* recently quoted a U.N. official as saying: "I don't want to push the panic button, but if an accountant looked at the U.N.'s books, he'd say this outfit is bankrupt." No one would ever accuse the Foreign Policy Association of being an isolationist organization. Nevertheless, one of its recent publications is entitled, "The United Nations in Crisis." Its author, who has been for many years the U.N. correspondent of the *New York Times,* takes a very pessimistic view of the present state of the world organization. He finds the Secretary-General stymied by the Communist bloc's open declaration of war upon him; the Security Council handcuffed by the big-power veto; the equilibrium of the General Assembly upset by an influx of new members which are nations only on paper; the finances of the organization endangered by the non-payment of assessments; the morale of the organization at the lowest ebb since the spring of 1950; the hitherto loyal support of the

United States endangered by the probable admission of Red China to membership in the very near future. In short, he finds many disturbing parallels between the situation in the U.N. today and the League of Nations in 1935, when, as we now know, the latter organization stood on the brink of collapse.

This brings us to the question of what needs to be done to insure the survival and future vitality of the United Nations. I should like to use this opportunity to suggest six things that might be done to improve the organization and functions of the United Nations. Some of these steps could be taken within the framework of the present U.N. Charter. Others would require a far-reaching revision of that embattled document—a revision comparable in scope to the one which replaced our own Articles of Confederation with the Constitution of the United States. Some of them, given vigorous and enlightened leadership, might be carried through even under present conditions. Others of them, in the present climate of international affairs, would seem to have as much chance of adoption as the proverbial snowball in the proverbial hot place. Still, I should like to present all six of them to you in the spirit of the small boy who was dissatisfied with the size of the eggs given by his bantam chicken. So he installed an ostrich egg right in front of the bantam's nest, with the sign: "Look at this and do your darndest!"

First, I would suggest certain minimum requirements that a new nation must meet before it can be admitted to membership in the United Nations. I would set these requirements fairly high, so as to give the new nation sufficient population and sufficient economic resources to make a go of it. I would set these standards sufficiently high to have ruled out at least two-thirds of the new African members of the United Nations. It would give prospective members a definite incentive to unite politically so as to qualify for United Nations membership. This would be far healthier than the present set-up, which encourages prospective members to divide and subdivide in order to get more votes in the General Assembly. This would help to alleviate in the U.N. the growing tension between the small states which have the votes and the large states which have to foot the bill. It was this cleavage which wrecked our own Articles of Confederation, and if it is not checked, it could easily wreck the United Nations.

Second, I should like to see a far-reaching reorganization of the Security Council. I would suggest that we increase the size of the Security Council from eleven to fifteen. This would recognize the U.N.'s great growth in total membership and would serve to make the Security Council a more representative body. I can see no sensible reason why Nationalist China should retain her permanent seat on the Security Council. At the same time, I should hate to see her seat go to Red China, when and if that country is admitted. In my book, Red China is the most dangerous and irresponsible nation in the world today. As a compromise, I would suggest

that Nationalist China's seat be turned over to India. The latter would seem to qualify as Asia's second largest nation and—except in Kashmir—much more devoted to the ideals of the U.N. than Red China. Lastly, I should like to see the abolition of the veto power, which has reduced the Security Council to virtual impotence. During the discussion period that will follow this presentation, I will welcome suggestions as to how we are to accomplish the abolition of the veto. It would require a Charter amendment; charter amendments have to be approved by the Security Council; and the U.S.S.R. has the veto in the Security Council. It would seem to involve a herculean job of salesmanship to induce the Soviet Union not to veto the veto of the veto.

Third, I should like to give the U.N. the right of compulsory assessment. The war in the Congo has added tremendously to the operational costs of the world organization. Dag Hammerskjöld has called upon the member nations to meet these extra costs with a special assessment. The response to this request has been most unenthusiastic. At least a third of the members, including France and the entire Communist bloc, have refused to contribute a centime or a kopeck. Another third of the members, including all of Latin America, have made only token payments. Only a handful of nations—including the United States, Great Britain, and Canada—have met their obligations in full. It is obviously neither politically nor financially desirable for a few nations to carry the whole load of the Congo. Collective security, to be effective, must be genuinely collective. To meet this and future financial emergencies, I would suggest a provision that a nation in arrears should lose its vote in both the General Assembly and the Security Council. A provision like that should bring the "nyet" boys around in a hurry, and bring the money pouring into the U.N. treasury. But again, I shall have to dump in your laps the problem of getting such an amendment through the Security Council.

Fourth, I would suggest the organizing of a small but well-equipped and highly-efficient military force directly under the control of the United Nations. I realize that the U.N. now has an emergency military force on duty at Suez and in the Congro, but these contingents are made up of voluntary contributions from various national armies. Such contingents—especially in the Congo—have proved to be highly unsatisfactory. They can be recalled any time their home governments choose to recall them. They may be insubordinate even to the extent of taking orders from their home governments rather than from U.N. officials. They are as undependable as the state militia during the American Revolution, of which George Washington once complained: "They come in you cannot tell how; go, you cannot tell when; and act, you cannot tell where." I would suggest that the United Nations desperately needs a military force of its own, ready and willing to deal on short notice with brush-fire type wars anywhere in the world.

Fifth, we need a vastly increased program of economic aid for underdeveloped countries. The United Nations and its agencies are currently spending about 90 million dollars a year for this purpose. They have performed wonders with the amount of money available, but there is little doubt that they could advantageously use ten times that amount. I would suggest that the United States could help greatly by channeling much more of our foreign aid money through the United Nations. On the basis of past performance, such funds would be spent at least as efficiently as they are now being spent. In fact, our dollars would probably go even farther, since the U.N. could use foreign experts at salaries which few American experts would accept. Such a policy might even win more friends for the United States than when we give them the money direct. This is because the rulers of many under-developed nations, especially in Africa and Asia, are abnormally sensitive to the threat of imperialistic penetration. They are constantly beset by the fear that when Uncle Sam gives away money, his sole motive is to bind them to his chariot wheel and embroil them in the cold war.

Sixth, I should like to see the United Nations lead a drive for the establishment of what Henry Cabot Lodge has called an "open world." Prior to the coming of the cold war, we in the United States have prided ourselves on the maintenance of an open society—one in which ideas, and information, and visitors from abroad have been welcomed with open arms. We have found that such a policy has paid important dividends in the enrichment of American life. It has also served as a wonderful builder of international confidence, since in an open society it is difficult, if not impossible, to mount a surprise attack upon other nations. Ambassador Lodge would like to internationalize this policy, and as a step in this direction he wants the United Nations to throw its weight behind such measures as these: (1) Free dissemination in every country of all U.N. documents and publications, whether a government likes what is in them or not. (2) Open sale of leading newspapers and magazines from other countries. (3) Opening of all zones now closed to foreign travel. (4) An end to censorship of outgoing news dispatches. (5) An end to radio jamming. I do not know how far we would get with such a proposal under present conditions, but I feel sure that if it could be carried out, it would do much to relieve the tensions and misunderstandings of the cold war.

Up to this point, I have been dealing with the problem of U.N. survival on a rather impersonal basis. Now where do you and I enter into the picture? It is rather clear that the world organization is going to need some loyal and articulate friends during the period immediately ahead. Ever since the U.N. came into being at San Francisco, the American people have been among its most loyal supporters. But that loyalty has never been really tested. At least 90% of the time, the U.N. has done just what our people wanted it to do; most of the time it has seemed almost an adjunct

of our own State Department. It is clear, however, that those happy days are just about over, as the leadership in the General Assembly is unmistakably shifting to the Asian-African bloc. For various reasons—some good and some bad—the members of this bloc feel no compulsion to vote the straight ticket for the western democracies.

To put things rather bluntly, we have lost our built-in majority in the General Assembly. We must recognize the fact that from here on out we are going to be outvoted in the General Assembly now and then. We may even be outvoted on so combustible an issue as the admission of Red China. If this should happen, the American people will have a chance to demonstrate whether we are fair-weather or all-weather friends of the United Nations. We shall have a chance to show whether our support is whole-hearted or skin deep, whether it rests on the shifting sands of national self-interest, or on the firm conviction that in an atomic age there can be no security but collective security.

Then there is another way in which we Americans as individuals can influence the ultimate fate of the United Nations. That is in the matter of race discrimination. During the meeting of the General Assembly last fall, there were several unfortunate incidents involving U.N. delegates of another color. One African delegate was roughed-up by a New York policeman; other delegates were denied admittance to better hotels and restaurants. Things got so bad, in fact, that there was some talk of moving the U.N. headquarters out of the United States entirely. It was a singularly inept performance for a nation whose very survival may depend upon our ability to make friends and influence people of other races. Let us not forget the story of that Japanese school boy who—snubbed and ridiculed in one of our west coast colleges—later became one of the chief architects of the attack on Pearl Harbor. There has been a lot of talk lately about the "Ugly American" abroad. Maybe we should now give some prayerful attention to the "Ugly Americans" in our midst.

It is an historical fact that the United States played the major role in bringing the United Nations into existence. It is also a fact that since 1945 we have given the most consistent political and financial support to that organization. It behooves us to continue that support, even though we are about to discover that we can no longer have our way on every vote. As a recent writer in the *Foreign Policy Bulletin* observes: "It is more important to vote for what this country believes in than to be always on the winning side."

FRANCIS XAVIER AUBRY

By HENRY A. BUNDSCHU

In my humble opinion, the most fascinating, colorful, rugged and persevering individual connected with the famous Santa Fe Trail, was the young French Canadian, Francis Xavier Aubry. His exploits in the short period of eight years are without a parallel and they have never been excelled by any known man, living or dead. A great book could be written about this romantic character. It will only be possible to take on some of the highlights of his achievements in this short article. He was not only a Santa Fe trader and a great explorer, but he was unquestionably the most famous long-distance horseback rider of all times.

Aubry was born in Maskinonge, Quebec, on December 4, 1824. His father was a farmer of small means, whose family had originally come from Abbeville, France. He was given the elementary education of his native town but was compelled to quit school at the age of 13 because of financial reverses of his parents. They lost their small farm and moved to the town of Three Rivers. Young Aubry clerked in stores to aid the family and in the year 1843 he migrated to St. Louis, Missouri. "I must leave," he wrote, "not because I am forced there by any misconduct, but to earn more in the hope of helping my parents."

On May 1, 1843, at the age of 18, he was given employment as a clerk in the general store of Lamoureaux and Blanchard, who were also French Canadians. While he worked for them, he became acquainted with the Santa Fe Traders and other men who were seeking fame and fortune on the Western trails across the plains. He soon had the confidence of his employers and they advanced him money and goods to make his first journey across the plains. This was in the year 1846. It is well to bear in mind that this was the year that the Mexican War broke out and General Doniphan led his famous expedition into Mexico. It was a year of great excitement in the United States and at the conclusion of the Mexican War, the vast territory North of the Rio Grande, including the states of New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, and California, became part of the United States.

On May 9, 1846, Aubrey left Independence, Missouri, and reached Santa Fe, New Mexico, in forty-five days. He disposed of his merchandise at a good profit and on July 16th, accompanied by a small party of traders, began his return journey to Missouri. He kept a brief diary, noting trains met, the number of wagons in each, names of the proprietors, condition of travel, and other similar information. He and his companions reached Independence, Missouri, on August 17, 1846, and they arrived in St. Louis five days later, bringing with them the proceeds of the venture, consisting of $100,000.00. Excerpts of his diary were published.

In the records of Owens and Aull, who were also famous traders and who were both killed in Mexico in 1847, there is notation of the delivery of messages to Aubry who was then known as a Courier.

I have read some of his diaries and have seen one of his letters. He wrote a strong, clear hand and possessed an extraordinary knowledge of typography, with the ability to describe in clear, simple language.

Aubry then decided to remain permanently in the Santa Fe trade. "His urge for constant activity was already manifesting itself and it was to exert a dominating influence upon his meteoric career. The first year he broke precedence by making two trips to New Mexico instead of the customary one." As early as April 17, 1847, he informed the citizens of St. Louis through the *Daily Missouri Republican* that he was about to depart for Santa Fe and that he would take along all letters and papers addressed to that city left at the *Republican* office on or before April 20, 1847. On that date he left for the town of Kansas (now Kansas City), whence on April 27th, his goods were freighted by another trader, and Aubry, himself, with the mail left three days later. He arrived in Santa Fe early in July. His merchandise was quickly disposed of and by the 28th of that month, he was on his way to Missouri again, still carrying mail. About August 31, 1847, in advance of his companions, he reached Independence, after a journey of approximately thirty-four days, in the last four of which he travelled 300 miles. For four days he averaged 75 miles in every 24 hours. This was his first burst of speed. He was in St. Louis by September 6th, and immediately made preparations for a second trip. He left western Missouri September 25, 1847, and after an encounter with the Indians near the border of New Mexico, he reached Santa Fe on October 29th, in advance of the cold and snow of the winter season. He at once inserted an advertisement in the *Santa Fe Republican,* (there must have been more Republicans than there are now) describing himself as a wholesale dealer in drygoods, groceries and liquors, featuring gin, brandy, port wine, and Havana sugar. By the latter part of December, 1847, he was again ready to depart for Independence and St. Louis.

Between the months of December, 1847, and September, 1848, Aubry made three fast trips from Santa Fe to Independence, each of which was completed in record time.

On November 27, 1847, he announced in the *Santa Fe Republican* that he would leave for Missouri about Christmas Day and would willingly take along all papers and letters destined for "the States." He publicly declared his intention of covering the distance in 18 days. The newspaper was certain he could accomplish it because, it asserted, "he is one of nature's most persevering children."

On December 22, 1847, he left Santa Fe accompanied by five men who expected to travel the whole distance, but he rode so fast that they dropped behind. The last one, his servant, became exhausted about sixty miles west

of Council Grove, Kansas. Along the way, Aubry was attacked by Mexican robbers, was delayed half a day by Indians, and experienced four days of severe cold weather. He lost half a day on account of a snow storm and he killed three mules by hard riding, dashing eastward during the last three days at the rate of 100 miles for every 24 hours. He rode into Independence on January 5, 1848, just 14 days from Santa Fe, four days ahead of his schedule. Remember, this was in the middle of the winter. It was the quickest trip then on record between these two points, surpassing the best previous time by ten and one-half days.

On March 11, 1848, the *Western Expositor* of Independence announced Aubry's intention of departing in a few days with fifteen wagons for Santa Fe. "This is much earlier than usual to leave for the plains, but we have every confidence in the dauntless zeal and indomitable enterprise of Mr. Aubry to overcome every obstacle. He will start with corn enough to feed the animals as far as Fort Mann (which is six miles West of Dodge City) by which time the grass will be sufficient to subsist them. Such energy and perseverance deserve, as we hope it will meet with, the most consummate success."

On the morning of April 21, 1848, when most of the traders were at St. Louis or Independence, he arrived in Santa Fe and his wagons followed a few days later. He sold his merchandise at wholesale before his wagons reached Santa Fe and then he made the startling announcement of his intention of making the return journey to Independence in the phenomenal time of only ten days. This time he was accompanied by six men when he left Santa Fe on May 19, 1848, in a gallop towards the great plains. Three days and 21 hours afterwards, he passed Fort Mann. His companions broke down from exhaustion before they had covered the first three hundred miles. Aubry completed the rest of the journey alone. He was attacked by Indians and he had to walk about 30 miles, carrying his saddle on his back because his horse had died beneath him. He killed three horses and two mules by fast riding and travelled three days without provisions, but before sunrise on May 28, 1848, he rode into the Public Square in Independence, just eight days and ten hours after leaving Santa Fe, New Mexico. He had broken his previous record by about 5½ days and averaged about 100 miles per day during the whole trip, for the distance is approximately 800 miles. "Such travelling is unexemplified," recorded the *Daily Missouri Republican*.

After purchasing merchandise in St. Louis for the third time, in the year 1848, he transported it across the plains in thirty wagons, reaching Santa Fe ahead of his teams on August 5th. The *Santa Fe Republican* said, "This gentleman travels with a rapidity almost supernatural."

By that time, his fame had spread far and wide. His exploits were on the lips of all the people and I feel sure that he was then as well known as "Hopalong Cassidy" is today.

However, his superhuman riding effort was still to come. This time he decided to travel alone. It is stated that he made a wager of $1,000.00 in Santa Fe that he could ride to Independence, Missouri, in six days. The excitement and the betting pro and con over the coming event, thoroughly aroused the people of Santa Fe. By September 12, 1848, he had completed his arrangements for the journey. He carried letters and someone in Santa Fe wrote to the *St. Louis Revelle* stating—"Allow me to introduce the man to whom the telegraph is a fool. He leaves here this morning very early and I write this letter the night before. I think he will be in St. Louis suddenly."

The *Santa Fe Republican* considered the occasion of such importance that it issued an extra edition on September 12th which was given to Aubry to carry to the States. It asserted: "Mr. F. X. Aubry who has this moment left our office, has just informed us that he had to leave for the United States in a few moments; therefore we strike off a few items of the latest dates and news about town etc., for the benefit of our exchanges in the States, as we are informed by him that his business compels him to reach the States as soon as he possibly can. We wish him a safe trip and a safe return as we would be happy to see our country settled by just such men as Mr. Aubry,—energy and perseverance is what we know is wanted in a new country like this. We would not be surprised to hear that Mr. Aubry has made the quickest trip this time that ever was made, as his anxiety for his business will induce him to travel at the utmost speed."

Before dawn on September 12, 1848, Aubry left Santa Fe in a swinging gallop on his lone ride to Independence. Pressing eastward at terrific speed, he obtained fresh horses from passing wagon trains at Fort Mann, Council Grove, and other places where he had stationed them. A yellow mare named "Dollie" his favorite mount, carried him about 200 miles in 26 hours. He travelled continuously day and night for nearly 600 miles. The trail was muddy and for 24 consecutive hours he rode through a driving rain. On his journey he broke down six horses, walked 20 miles, slept only a few hours and ate but six meals. He swam most streams which were swollen by heavy rains and on Sunday night, September 17th, his foaming horse half ran, half staggered into Independence. He had made the trip in only five days and 16 hours, about 2½ days less than his previous record.

He had travelled about 780 miles over mountains and plains, at an average rate of about 140 miles a day. When he stopped in front of the Holland House on the northeast corner of the square in Independence, he was so exhausted that he had to be helped from his saddle and carried into the hotel. The last two days he had himself strapped to the saddle. After consuming a hasty meal of ham and eggs and coffee, he went to bed with instructions to waken him after three hours. He was permitted to sleep for six hours before he was aroused. "He was rather wrathy, telling them he preferred taking his food in broken doses and that they were working against him with their intended kindness."

The *Kansas City Globe* in the issue for Monday morning, February 10, 1890, carried a vivid description of Aubry's great ride. "When you speak of F. X. Aubry," said Colonel Alexander Majors a few days since, "you call to my mind one of the most remarkable characters I ever knew. Stabbed in the heart by his best friend, he has slept in his grave for thirty-six years, yet I remember his appearance and manner as distinctly as though he had died but yesterday.

"When I first met Aubry, about 1848, he was a young man of 25, the perfect picture of health and strength, short, rather heavy set, weighing about 165 pounds. He had an open, honest countenance and was one of the rising men of the plains. I was on the way to Santa Fe with a train of 25 wagons filled with merchandise and knew nothing of Aubry's design. When we were at Rabbits Ears, about a hundred miles from the old Spanish City, we saw a man approaching in a sweeping gallop, mounted on a yellow mare and leading another. As he came nearer, mistaking us for Indians, he whirled and retreated fifty or sixty yards, then turned to take another look. Our wagons coming around the hill proved that we were friends, and putting spurs to his steed, he dashed past, merely nodding his head as the dust flew into our faces. It was a great surprise to me for Aubry to treat a friend in that style, but when we reached Santa Fe, I understood it. Every moment was precious. It was the supreme effort of his life. Night and day he rushed on. It was not money he was after, but fame. He had laid a wager that the trip would be made in six days. At the end of five days and 13 hours, exhausted and fainting he was taken from a horse which was trembling from head to foot and covered with sweat and foam.

"Aubry was a man of marvelous endurance or he could never have recovered from the strain of that ride upon his system. There was no stage running to Santa Fe at the time of Aubry's ride and it was unanimously pronounced by Western men as the greatest exhibition of nerve and strength ever shown on the plains."

The *Kansas City Globe* said—"Indeed it is doubtful whether the history of the world can present a parallel to that great ride of 800 miles, through a country over-run with hostile Indians, a large portion of the distance being through sandy deserts and leading across rivers, mountains and prairies, with only the sky for a covering and the earth as a resting place."

It is extremely difficult for the normal mind to comprehend the strenuous activities that this extraordinary individual packed into such a short space of time.

Aubry extended his mercantile activities to Chihuahua, Mexico, and San Antonio, Texas. Winter seemed to have no terrors for him. On December 1, 1849, he left Santa Fe for San Antonio with 20 large wagons and about 250 mules, passed through El Paso and reached San Antonio, as usual, in advance of his wagons, on January 12, 1850. He made public

statements about the route he had traversed and recommended it to the government as a new mail route to Santa Fe in preference to the old one from Independence. This time, however, he seems to have loaded with merchandise for the Chihuahua market. He encountered a blizzard beyond the Pecos in which he lost 40 mules in one night. He finally reached El Paso. He left that place on June 1, 1850, and was back in Santa Fe 11 days thereafter.

During the fall of 1850, he made another journey from Santa Fe to Texas, but by this time he was forced to admit that his earlier predictions in regard to the route were wrong. On June 13, 1850, the *Daily Missouri Republican* at St. Louis, quoting Aubry, stated:

"The Indians often come within a few miles of this place (San Antonio) to remind the citizens that they are still in the wild country. . . . It is likely that the subsistence stores for the post at El Paso, Dona Ana, and all those South of the Journada del Muerto, will be brought from Missouri."

There were three well-known trails to Santa Fe. The first is the one across the Raton Pass, which is followed by the Santa Fe Railroad. The second is the one that branches off near Dodge City, known as the Cimarron Route, and the third is known as Aubry's Route.

"During 1851 and 1852, Francis X. Aubry, explorer and Santa Fe trader, made an examination of the country between the Cimarron and Arkansas rivers, in order to lay out a new route which would shorten the Santa Fe trail and which would eliminate the Cimarron Journada. The route that he finally selected was known as 'Aubry's Trail.' It left the Santa Fe Trail near Cold Spring, in the present Cimarron County, Oklahoma, and extended northeast across the Cimarron River, along Bear Creek, and thence to the Arkansas River, crossing it near the boundary line between the present Kearney and Hamilton Counties, Kansas. Although occasionally used by travelers and traders, Aubry's trail never superseded the regular Cimarron Route of the Santa Fe Trail." *Daily Missouri Republican,* May 18, 1852.

About this time [1852] Aubry was looking for new fields and strange lands to visit and explore. He decided to give up his business as a Santa Fe trader between Missouri and New Mexico. He announced that he would engage in a new form of activity. "Between November, 1852, and August, 1854, he made two journeys from Santa Fe to San Francisco and return, driving New Mexican sheep westward to the California market, and exploring the country for possible railroad and wagon routes on his eastward trips. Continuing the practice which started some years before, he combined his private business with a project of public interest." Fortunately, for the benefit of posterity, he kept meticulous diaries of his two journeys. I have read those that were published. They tell in a very straight-forward, matter-of-fact way of his travels, giving the mileage and describing the

topography, showing a keen understanding of the geography of a country that had never before been mapped or explored.

In the Snider Library at the University of Kansas City, I found a rare copy of the *Appleton City Journal* for Thursday, May 15, 1902. It contained an article by Abner E. Adair who was one of the men who accompanied Aubry on his first trip to California. It was written in collaboration with William Baskerville who was still alive and who also kept a diary. Aubry's account, when supplemented by the writings of Adair and Baskerville, tell a story of battles, adventure, hardships, privation and endurance that startles the imagination.

Aubry left Santa Fe on the first of these journeys on November 16, 1852, taking along ten large wagons, approximately 3500 sheep (Adair says 5,000), about 100 mules and a number of horses. It must be borne in mind that at that time there was much discussion all over the country about the desirability of constructing a transcontinental railroad with its western terminus at San Francisco.

Mr. Adair said: "In the winter of 1852–53, Aubry quit the freight business and drove 5,000 head of sheep from New Mexico to California by way of the Gila River through Arizona. The writer of this, then quite young, was well acquainted with him, messing with him, negro Pompey being the cook. We arrived at our destination all right, sold the sheep at $10.00 a head, disposed of wagons and extra mules at big prices. About two-thirds of our men remained in California."

After Aubry had disposed of his sheep and outfit, he decided to explore a new route along the 35th parallel from California to New Mexico. "At that time the State of Nevada," said Adair, "with some surrounding territory, was an unknown wilderness, never having been explored by white men. On the last day of June, 1853, Aubry with 18 young men,—11 Americans, 1 negro and 6 Mexicans—all enured to life on plain and mountain, keen, cautious, and true as steel, left the suburbs of Stockton, California for a journey over the unknown. The writer, [Adair] yet has in his possession, a pocket compass which was used in crossing the country. Pack Mules carried our provisions and luggage. We were well armed and equipped and prepared for the worst, with a determined resolution to go through at any hazard."

Aubry's published diary begins at Tejon Pass, Sierra Nevada Mountains, July 10, 1853. This place is near Lebec, Kern County, California. The diary starts here, Aubry said, because between this place and San Francisco, the country is well known.

Aubry said, "I set out in the first place, upon this journey simply to gratify my curiosity as to the practicability of one of the much talked about routes for the contemplated Atlantic and Pacific Railroad."

He intended to follow, as near as practicable, the 35th parallel eastward until it reached the Rio Grande River at Albuquerque, New Mexico. He

said that Messrs. Tully of Santa Fe and Abner E. Adair, of Independence, had joined them for a pleasant trip. They used pack animals entirely, having neither wagon nor carriage. They crossed the Mojave Desert and camped on the Mojave River near Barstow in San Bernardino County, California. July 22nd, they reached the Colorado River, a short distance South of the present Boulder Dam, where it was about 200 yards wide. They made a raft of driftwood. It took five days for the small party to cross the river, using timber which had been cut by beavers, tying it together with ropes. That night beavers destroyed the ropes, causing the raft to come apart and they lost most of their provisions. Hostile Indians had been molesting them for several days. Aubry reported that Indians wounded some mules and also his favorite mare, Dollie "who so often had rescued me by her speed and capacity of endurance."

Adair said, "I will not enter into details of travel over rough, rugged high mountain ranges, through narrow deep defiles, chasms and canyons with their steep and perpendicular walls, hundreds of feet from top to bottom, through rich valleys and heavy forests of timber and over hot, sandy plains and table lands; suffice to say we passed over a great variation of country. We also found some gold. In passing through an immense forest of beautiful oak trees, not tall, but with rounded tops and big limbs, we were much amused and surprised to see that fastened on the limbs of every tree, there were from five to ten bodies or skeletons of Indians in all stages of decomposition from fresh bodies to naked skeletons. This vast city of the dead extended on either side of us as far as we could see and as much as two miles on our way. It was an open forest, devoid of underbrush. The stench from the city of the dead was quite offensive and we were glad to leave it. We never learned what tribe or tribes placed their dead in these trees."

In speaking of the Indian attacks near the Colorado River, Adair said: "They continued after us for several days from ambuscade, doing no more injury than wounding Aubry's mare, Dollie and a mule. They used long bows and flint pointed arrows. For several days we were sorely harrassed by them. Our suffering from thirst was great and we carried bullets in our mouth to create moisture so we could talk. We travelled two more days without water, seeing no Indians and were becoming quite weak. Finally, we found an abundance of water in a deep canyon, the sides of which were covered with a thick growth of brush and trees and we felt thankful to the giver of all good. We went down a deer trail to the little running stream of cold water and were careful not to drink too much. Our ascent on the other side was also on a deer trail. Here we camped, although we saw an Indian Village about a mile and a half below us in a valley. Before we had unpacked, our camp was filled with men, women and children, but so far as we could see, they had no weapons. They seemed quite friendly and were dressed in wolf skin clothing from their hips down. We watched them

carefully and were suspicious of them because they were most too friendly, but we had never known of Indians going to war accompanied with their women and children. We then butchered a mule and cooked the meat very done, made a hearty meal and considered it as good as beef. There was quite a host of these wild people, perhaps no fewer than 250 and they almost fondled us in their attempts of expressing friendship.

"Just before we were ready to start, I took several canteens and went down alone to the water, heedless of danger. When I got down to the water, I saw several redskins close to me and then heard hideous yelling in the camp above. Of course I knew what was going on but can remember no more. For a few moments they had all our party in their grasp except two or three. Several red devils grabbed each of our men while others were clubbing them. Baskerville says he was held so tight he could do nothing, when a Mexican shot every man who held him. As fast as men were freed from their clutches, they pulled their weapons and killed the enemies. The conflict was of short duration for these red devils stampeded and left as fast as they could run, the squaws hurling many of their children down the precipice. These red men met with a horrible defeat, for the ground was literally covered with dead and dying, the number not being known.

"The fight being over, some of the boys, knowing I had gone for water, went down into the canyon and found me apparently dead and a dead Indian near me. I had received a stroke on the head over the brain. The skull was broken. All but two of the boys received wounds, but not serious. We removed a short distance from the camp and remained until the next day. The Indians seemed to know nothing about white men or fire arms. They had no ponies. That night the redskins kept up an incessant moaning and groaning and horrible howling which could be heard for a long distance. They were lamenting their dead. We left next morning. I was confined to my saddle and a man rode on either side to take care of me."

Aubry wrote, "This fight took place near the Indian Village of Garrotero in Arizona, on August 14th. The signal for the attack was the taking of my hand in farewell by the Chief, which he held with all his strength, but some of us having disengaged ourselves, we shot them down so fast with our Colt revolvers, that we soon produced confusion among them and put them to flight. We owe our lives to these firearms, the best that were ever invented and now brought by successive improvements, to a state of perfection. Twelve of the party were severely wounded and among the rest, I was wounded in six places. Abner Adair, I fear, is dangerously injured. None of the men were killed nor any of the animals lost. We bled very much from our numerous wounds, but the blood and bodies of the Indians covered the ground many yards around us.

"August 16, I have eight wounds upon me, five of which cause me much suffering. My mule has given out and I have to walk the whole distance. Thirteen men are now wounded, one sick and we have only four men in

good health. We are unable to travel faster on account of Adair's condition. We are now on half rations. My faithful mare, Dollie, finally gave out and we are now subsisting upon her flesh. Adair and Baskerville are in danger from their wounds, but all the others are getting better."

It is strange, indeed, that both Adair and Baskerville survived and were able to tell about this experience fifty years later, in the year of 1903.

On August 25th, Aubry says they crossed the mountains where the Tonto Apaches lived. They saw the Sierra Blanca Mountains which were near the great pueblo of Zuni. They were then living on berries and herbs.

On August 27th, they met strange Indians that were using gold bullets for their guns. The nuggets were of different sizes and each Indian had a pouch of them. The men traded some clothing and other things for quite a large quantity of this gold.

On September 6th, they reached the Pueblo of Zuni where they were hospitably received and obtained an abundance of good provisions over which they rejoiced, having subsisted for a month on mule and horseflesh, and for most of the time on half or quarter rations.

Aubry said "But as I have reached this place with all my men, I feel satisfied. I shall take no notes of the journey from this town to Albuquerque, as a level and much travelled wagon road exists between the two places and is familiar to the people of New Mexico."

On September 10, 1853, Aubry reached Albuquerque, New Mexico. He said: "Before laying aside my pencil, for the use of which I have no fancy, I shall set down a few ideas that are now prominent in my recollection." He then proceeds to recommend his trail for a railroad and fully sets forth his reasons.

He returned to Santa Fe September 14, 1853 and soon was busy making preparations for another trip to California. In this venture he was accompanied by Judge Otero, Jose Francisco Chavez, and Francisco Perea, all prominent citizens of New Mexico. This time they drove 40,000 sheep over the Gila River Route through Arizona to California. He arrived in Los Angeles on January 10, 1854 and shortly afterwards journeyed to San Francisco. There he announced that the object of his return trip would be to make a wagon road from California to Mexico along or near the 35th Parallel. He said that he would take a wagon and a boat with him in order to make a trail which could be travelled at once and that the boat would be of immense advantage in crossing the Colorado River. That at no time did he intend to be more than fifty miles from his trail of last year and that he would pass through Zuni and strike the Rio Grande at Albuquerque; that the party would consist of about sixty men and they hoped they would have an opportunity to punish the Indians that they had met last year.

Aubry started his second diary on July 6, 1854 at San Jose, California. He said "We left this place today for New Mexico, with a party consisting

of sixty men and fitted out at an expense of about $15,000.00. The object of the expedition is to locate a wagon road from this valley to Albuquerque on the North side of the Gila in the 35th Parallel of latitude or as near it as practicable."

He followed his old trail until he crossed the Colorado River, where he proceeded South of it for some distance. This is what he had intended to do on his first trip, but loss of his provisions and hostile Indians forced him into the mountains. However, on the main, he journeyed through the same region that he had previously explored and arrived at Santa Fe on August 18, 1854, forty-three days after his departure from San Jose. This time the Indians did not molest him and in many places he found where they had hurriedly abandoned their camps and villages in order to keep out of his way.

Upon the completion of his second trip, he was still of the opinion that the 35th Parallel and his trail offered the best route for a transcontinental railroad from New Mexico to California. That he was right, has since been proven because "today the routes he pioneered are followed in a general way by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway from Albuquerque, New Mexico to Bakersfield, California."

Upon his arrival in Santa Fe on August 18, 1854, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, very tired and worn out after his strenuous journey, he immediately went to the store of his friends, Joseph and Henry Mercure, where he asked for a glass of water and ordered a toddy. When the news spread that he had returned from California, quite a number of citizens hastened to greet him, among them Major Richard H. Weightman, a veteran of the Mexican War, a graduate of West Point and a dashing and brilliant, hot-headed officer, lawyer and publisher. It was only a few minutes thereafter that Weightman killed Aubry by stabbing him in the stomach with a bowie knife. This occurred in the store of the Mercures in the middle of the block on the south side of the Plaza in Santa Fe. The altercation arose because Weightman in his newspaper had been an advocate of the 32nd Parallel for the proposed railroad and Aubry felt that Weightman had misrepresented him and lied about him in his newspaper called *L'Amigo del Pais*. Shortly, thereafter, Weightman was tried for murder. A full transcript of the proceedings was published in the *Western Despatch* of Independence, Missouri on Friday, October 27, 1854. The proceedings were entitled "In the United States District Court for the County of Santa Fe. The Honorable Kirby Benedict presiding. Territory of New Mexico vs. Richard Hanson Weighman,—Murder."

Eight witnesses were called by the prosecution. Their testimony was more or less alike, so I will briefly narrate the evidence of Joseph Mercure, who was also one of Aubry's close friends and admirers. He was present when the difficulty between Aubry and Weightman occurred in his store.

Aubry arrived about half past two o'clock and after shaking hands, asked

for a glass of water, which was given to him. "He then asked me to make him a toddy. My brother Henry made the toddy and brought it to him. In the meantime, several gentlemen came in. He sat his glass on the counter and asked the gentleman who came in to drink with him. They thanked him and declined. Among those that came in was Major Weightman. He shook hands with Aubry and took a seat upon the counter. After a few remarks about Aubry's trip, Aubry asked Weightman in substance if he was still publishing the newspaper *L'Amigo del Pais*. Weightman answered that it was dead, that it died a natural death. Aubry retorted it ought to die, it published lies. Weightman asked what he had referred to. Aubry said on his arrival last fall, Weightman asked for information about his route and that he had not published the truth about it and had abused him. Weightman said it was not so. Aubry answered it was so and that it was a falsehood. Weightman then jumped on the floor and took the tumbler standing on the counter and threw the contents of it in Aubry's face and immediately replaced the tumbler on the counter. He stepped back one or two steps at the same time, putting his hand on his belt. Aubry immediately, upon receiving the liquor in his face, drew his pistol. When I next saw the pistol it was in his hand, pointed up, in which position it went off. Immediately they came together, Weightman advancing. I saw their hands together and I took hold of the hands of each of them. At that time there was blood upon Weightman's knife. Weightman said Aubry was hurt and that he had done it in self-defense because Aubry had drawn a pistol on him. Aubry said 'let me bleed.' It was the only words that he spoke. Weightman said he would go and give himself up to the authorities and left. Aubry began to fail and fell into the arms of Mr. Cuniffe and expired in a few minutes."

Dr. DeLeon was the physician who examined Aubry and testified that he died from a knife wound about two and a half inches above the pelvis.

Great excitement prevailed throughout the city after this tragedy. On the following afternoon, burial services were held for Aubry in the Catholic church and his body was followed to the grave by a large concourse of friends.

The feeling against Weightman was so intense that a guard had to be stationed around the jail. His trial occurred on September 21st and the jury found Weightman not guilty because he committed such an act in the defense of his person.

W. H. H. Davis, acting Attorney General, represented the Territory. The defense was represented by John S. Watts and S. M. Baird, Attorneys.

Soon thereafter, Weightman left Santa Fe and took up residence in Independence, Missouri, where he engaged in the practice of the law. While he was still living in Missouri, he became Attorney General and was also referred to as Judge Weightman. Later, he moved to Atchison, Kansas

and on September 17, 1860, he became one of the directors who helped organize the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad.

It has been reliably reported that he stated on several occasions that had he to do it over, he would have let Aubry kill him and that he was continually haunted by Aubry's death.

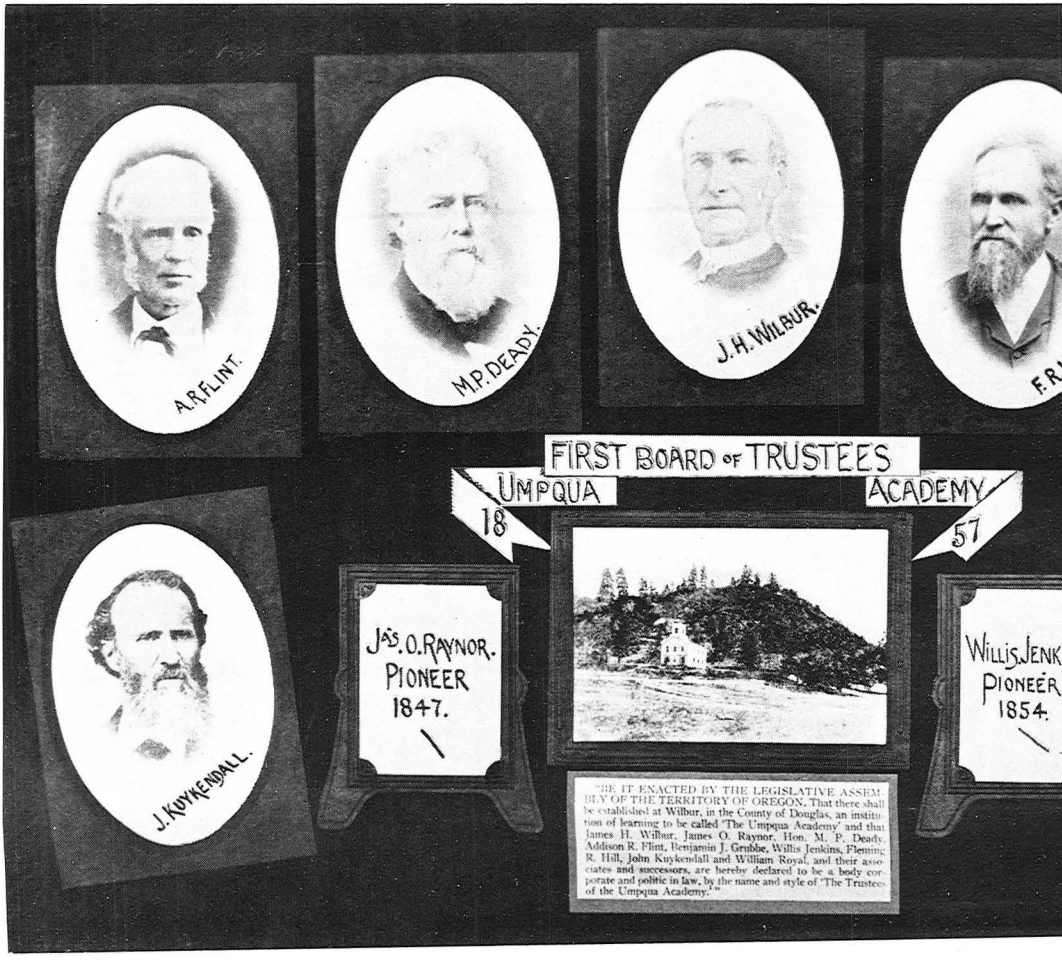
This is another remarkable feature of this tale, for Weightman's railroad later used Aubry's route to California—the very route which Weightman had condemned in his newspaper and the argument which followed being the cause of Aubry's death.

"Captain Richard Hanson Weightman, the West Pointer who commanded Battery A of St. Louis, in the Mexican War, was a gallant, high spirited, dare-devil, such as one rarely encounters in real life. Once during the campaign, a rumor reached him that he had been maligned by Lt. Edmond Chouteau. Chouteau said the Captain had not treated him fairly and in enlarging upon his grievance, grew angry and demanded a gentlemen's satisfaction. Weightman readily assented to the proposal but Chouteau, who was carrying a wounded right arm in a sling, asked that the meeting be postponed for a while, else he would be at some disadvantage. 'Oh, that's all right,' said Weightman, 'I will hold my right hand behind me and we will shoot with our left hands.' "

Weightman also had other duels but so far as I have been able to learn, never killed anyone but Aubry.

After the Civil War began, Weightman joined General Price's Army and was killed in the Battle of Wilson Creek.

Francis Xavier Aubry, who lived for a few months less than thirty years, and who spent the last eight years of his young life in the exploration and development of the Western part of the United States, rightfully deserves the honor and respect only afforded to national heroes. His tragic death and his vindication by the man who caused it, equals that of the well known story of the slaying of Alexander Hamilton by Aaron Burr. The Santa Fe Railroad and the people of New Mexico and California should do something heroic in honor of his memory.


A.R.FLINT.
M.P.DEADY.
J.H.WILBUR.
F.R
FIRST BOARD OF TRUSTEES
UMPQUA ACADEMY
18 57
J.KUYKENDALL.
JAS.O.RAYNOR.
PIONEER
1847.
WILLIS JENK
PIONEER
1854.
"BE IT ENACTED BY THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF THE TERRITORY OF OREGON, That there shall be established at Wilbur, in the County of Douglas, an institution of learning to be called 'The Umpqua Academy' and that James H. Wilbur, James O. Raynor, Hon. M. P. Deady, Addison R. Flint, Benjamin J. Grubbe, Willis Jenkins, Fleming R. Hill, John Kuykendall and William Royal, and their associates and successors, are hereby declared to be a body corporate and politic in law, by the name and style of 'The Trustees of the Umpqua Academy.'"

CALVIN B. WEST OF THE UMPQUA

By REGINALD R. STUART AND GRACE D. STUART

Continued from May Issue

IX

THE DECISION

For months Calvin West had been using every means to get his family to Oregon. His brother and trusted friends who had promised to pilot his little flock, chose not to make the trip; his brother-in-law, after pledging assistance, had invested his funds elsewhere; his Church had denied him the small pittance of a missionary; and finally, his dear wife lay at the point of death. There seemed to be no alternative—he, himself, must return for his family.

Before that time, however, certain adjustments had to be made. He was still under contract to teach in Garden Valley. He had to meet his business obligations in Oregon. Quite important, too, was the necessity of raising funds for the long trip home.

Fate is an intriguing teacher. She gives her pupils no inkling of the closing time—the length of life's span is discreetly hidden from their view. Thus, they work, and laugh, and plan to the very last minute of the course.

So, too, was West's course nearly run, but his final footsteps were as firm and his last words were as enthusiastic and hopeful as any of his life.

The Diary concludes:

"[July 6, 1854]

"6th Thursday Morn. School Room; Reading Upham's Interior Life. Rouse my Soul, and aspire to all thy possible capability—in holiness, in wisdom, in energy! Repine not, fear not, doubt not, but in full assurance of faith press onward and upward spiritually, intellectually, and physically—Strive, strive, strive against the world, the flesh, and the devil—'tis all sin!"

Ann Augusta's Reminiscences[128] carry on the record:

"In the fall, [1853] Mrs. West and family visited her brother James Hudson at Junction [Ohio] 2 miles distant on the canal. He kept a grocery . . .

"His family consisted of himself, 3 unmarried sons, . . . and an insane wife who was kept locked in her own apartment. Mrs. West stayed there until about the middle of autumn, preparatory to joining her husband the following spring. Finding the work too heavy, for the housekeeper left when the insane wife came home from the asylum, Mrs. West took her little flock to live in a log cabin owned by another brother, Abram

Hudson. His own residence was not far distant. That winter was terribly cold. The fire was never allowed to burn out.

"After midwinter Mrs. West contracted the prevailing disease, pneumonia, and became very ill. Dr. Allen came often and dosed his patient and blistered her putting cotton batting on the raw flesh to maintain a constant counter irritation. Kind neighbors watched by the sick-bed night and day, a hired girl came to take care of the neglected children.

"Finally Abram had a consultation with Dr. Allen which resulted in his writing to his brother-in-law to return as soon as possible to his children who would soon be deprived of their mother.

"Anna gathered all this information as a child of 10 absorbs things that grown-ups try to keep from them.

"Without mother! Without mother the whole world was a desert! The doctor had given her up. The doctor evidently could not cure her. But there was One who *could* cure her. Anna was sure of that. She took a lingering look at the pale wasted face on the pillow. With swimming eyes Anna took each small brother by the hand and slipped out into the burnt woods behind the house.

"Why do you cry Anna?" asked Davy.

"The Doctor says mama will *die,* but Oh, Davy she won't if we ask God to make her well! Cally, you must pray too."

"And three little sorrowing children knelt in the snow behind a bog blackened stump and sent up their simple petitions to God to spare the life of their darling mother.

" 'She'll get well,' said Anna, finally. 'Let's not cry any more.'

"When Dr. Allen came the next day he remarked with surprise at his patient's condition.

" 'We'll save her yet,' said he joyfully.

"When a month later West learned of his wife's convalescence, he was ready to go, and deferred no longer. It was near the last of September when he reached home coming by the Panama route.

"Never shall Anna forget being awakened at midnight by a heavy pounding on the cabin door. Mama sprang out of bed and demanded: 'Who's there?' Altho she afterwards said she knew pretty well who it was, for she was dreaming that Papa was come.

"But O, what a looking papa! His face, hitherto nice and soft and clean shaven was now quite covered with a growth of heavy black whiskers. An ugly black mustache concealed his mouth, and only his pleasant brown eyes revealed the fact that he was certainly papa.

"A few days later they all left Uncle Abram's log cabin in the wilderness and were soon comfortably settled with Mr. Water's pleasant family pending preparations for their departure.

"At this time Papa went to Springfield, Ill. to pay a farewell visit to his brother David West, and half sister Sally Pratt with their families. Mama did not go, she was too busy sewing. The children were all delighted with

the beautiful presents he brought home. There were two handsome dress patterns for mama, and some lovely lace collars, two cunning little black velveteen suits with bright brass buttons for Davy and Cally, some pretty little frocks for Jenny and Abby and a pink delaine trimmed lavishly with black velvet ribbon for Anna, and also a pretty white fur collar and muff which pleased her more than anything else."

A letter from West to his brother, David, continues the account:

"Defiance Sept. 27, 1854.

"Dear Brother—

"I arrived home Sabbath Eve. family all quite afflicted with the Ague. Wife very feeble, Anna also very delicate.

"The Ague prevails here more than ever known before. Cholera been very general in this region, and quite fatal; but midst all, the Lord in great mercy has kept my family all alive.

"In my temporal affairs too I have been much blessed. The damages awarded for the Rail Road interference is *$625;* and I think I can sell the property yet for enough to make in all *$1000.* I trust the Lord will so direct as to enable us all together to enjoy a more congenial clime. As I look upon my poor, sick, almost dying family, I am strengthened in my convictions of duty, that first of all I must remove my little charges where they may live in health, strength and vigor of body and mind. Hence, if the Lord permit, I shall retain funds enough for this purpose first, and after that my creditors. I do not consider it my fault, but my failing that I am in debt: or if in any way I am chargable before God for my embarrassments, I think I would be guilty of a very much greater sin, to neglect to provide for my family; sacrificing their prospect of comfort, and usefulness in this life, folding my arms and grieving over them, in their wasting sickness, and premature death. I trust you will see and feel as I do; and as I have been blessed in my efforts, so I feel you too will be.

"The people are all astonished at my healthful and improved appearance. Many are desirous to go with me on my return.

"I cannot express the enjoyment I experienced in the fondness with which I was received by my dear Brothers & Sisters, nieces & nephews, and all, in Princeton.[129] I feel very unworthy of such regard; and in no ways capable of returning suitable evidences of gratitude. But with all my heart I render you the 'widow's mite,' *all I have* of love, of care, and of equal exertions for you as for my own family, of which, indeed I deeply feel you an essential part.

"I trust in all things my Dear Brother, we shall be directed by the alone consideration that we are God's and not our own. In all our business, in our anticipated removal, in our prospects for ourselves and our children after us, let the one question be, 'Lord what wilt *thou* have me to do?'

"Thus anxiously inquiring, and fondly and faithfully obeying 'no good thing will be withheld from us,' and 'all things shall work together for our good.'

"In all the fondness of which I am capable, remember me to all our Dear friends personally. With the blessings of my dear family I remain Your Unworthy Bro.

C. B. West."[130]

The following unidentified newspaper clipping was found in an old scrap-book of the West family:

"OREGON TERRITORY

"We learn from Rev. C. B. West, who has recently returned from Oregon, some interesting facts relating to this Territory.

"The country is described as well watered, the hills covered with the best of timber the valleys are productive prairie. The climate is represented as very agreeable, the temperature much the same as that of the Middle States, but not subject to sudden changes; and although for several months in summer there is no rain, yet the drouth does not arrest the growth and perfection of fruits and vegetation. In winter there is but little snow and cattle need but little if any feeding.

"TOWNS

"There are in the Territory a number of pleasant and growing cities and villages. Portland situated on the Willamette 12 miles above its confluence with the Columbia River, is the most important. It is at the head of ship navigation, has 2,000 inhabitants, 45 stores and 3 newspapers. Nearly all the mechanical trades are represented here. It has 4 churches, one Collegiate Institution,[131] belonging to the Methodists, and a Library Association with a library worth $1,000. We understand there is no Baptist church here though there are a number of Baptist families of wealth and influence. A minister is very much needed to gather into a church the scattered sheep of Christ's flock.

"Oregon City on the Willamette River, 12 miles above Portland, has a population of 500. The fall in the River at this point supplies a vast water power. The town is surrounded with precipitous rocks crowding down to the water's edge, above and beyond which are dense forests of fir and cedar. There is here a Baptist, a Congregational, a Methodist, an Episcopal and a Catholic church. The two churches first named have each a house of worship.—The Baptist College[132] is located in this place.

"About 100 miles south of the Umpqua Valley is Rogue River Valley, which is also being rapidly settled. The principal town is Jacksonville.

"Washington Territory on the north of Oregon, is also rapidly improving. Settlers are even going into the vast country east of the Cascade range of Mountains, which is represented as a very fine country.

"INDUCEMENT TO SETTLERS.

"No new country can hold out more flattering offers to those who seek by emigration to better their condition. The climate is the very best and the country is very healthful. Agricultural pursuits, lumbering or mining alike liberally reward the industrious. In addition Government donates

360 acres of land to every family who will occupy it 4 years. Roads are being opened, and the old practice of transportation by packing mules is giving place to the wagon, soon to give place in turn to the rail way and steam engine. Common and Academic schools have been established and almost every neighborhood is visited by ministers of religion. What new country more inviting.—We may add that the settlers are mostly from the States.

"We are profoundly impressed with the growing importance of our Pacific possessions. We understand from bro. West that ministers and teachers are much needed. Eight or ten ministers would find openings for usefulness and would receive much of their support from the field. Where are the young men to enter this field and become the Ganas, and the Baldwins and Kendicks of the Pacific coast? Any who will entertain the subject can address Rev. C. B. West, who is especially desirous of securing a gentleman and lady to take charge of the institution at Roseburg.

"Salem the Capital of the Territory, is situated 36 miles above Oregon City. There are here 4 churches. The Methodists have a church, a flourishing institution of learning,[133] a parsonage and 100 acres of land lying in the heart of the town.

"Cincinnati[134] and Albany and several other towns of promise are situated on upper Willamette. These towns are beautifully located, and surrounded by an extensive and productive country, much of it already under improvement. The neat white cottages, or more stately mansions are embosomed in orchards, gardens and surrounded by productive fields.

"Vancouver on the Columbia, 6 miles above the mouth of the Willamette, is the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the station of the U. S. troops. It contains but few houses besides the barracks and the companies building. St Hellens [sic] on the Columbia, 30 miles below Portland, is a place of more thrift. Astoria at the mouth of the River is of no little promise.

"UMPQUA VALLEY

"This is the central valley of Oregon. The Umpqua River flows from the mountains directly west to the Ocean. The valley began to be settled only 3 years ago, it now contains several thousand inhabitants, and is rapidly filling up. Much of the land is already under cultivation. In the valley are 10 or 12 lumber mills, flouring mills, mechanic shops &c. Several towns have been already commenced.—Umpqua City is at the mouth of the River. Scottsburg 20 miles above the mouth is a town of some importance. Winchester has several stores and a flourishing Academy.[135] Roseburg is the county seat and a place of promise. The Baptist church here is under the charge of Rev. Thos. Stevens. Rev. C. B. West resides here who divides his time between 4 congregations.[136] The Baptists are making efforts to establish at this place an institution of learning. Five gentlemen have subscribed $2,500. It is thought they can raise on the ground at least

$5,000. They intend to secure $10,000, and hope to commence the edifice which is to be of brick, this fall."

The following list undoubtedly includes, among others, the five subscribers to the Academy fund:

Willoughby Churchill
Dr. James Cole
John Dillard
Hoy B. Flournoy
Benj. J. Grubbe
Dr. C. C. Reed
Aaron Rose
Rev. Thos. Stevens
Thos. Thrasher
John M. Wright

There is some indication, too, that Wilbur and the Methodists were cooperating with West. We do not know whether this Academy would have been located at Roseburg, Wilbur, or on West's claim below Garden Valley.

Just before West and his family started on the return trip to Oregon, he was granted a license to solemnize marriages in Ohio. The copy follows:

"The State of Ohio,
Defiance County, ss:

"Be it remembered that at a term of the Probate court of said County of Defiance in the Said State of Ohio, the following proceedings were Had:

"On motion to the Court, and it appearing that Calvin B. West is a regular ordained minister of the Gospel of the denomination usually called 'Baptist,' It is ordered that a License be granted to him authorizing him to solemnize marriages within this State, so long as he continue such regular minister.

"In testimory whereof, I have hereunto set my signature and affix the seal of said court, at Defiance, this 24th day of May, A.D. 1855.

Jacob I. Greene Probate Judge"

West's last letter records their departure and experiences to the mouth of the San Juan River in Nicaragua.

"Atlantic Ocean, East of Cuba,
June 25, 1855, Monday Eve,
Steam Ship, Northern Light

"My Very Dear Brother, Sister & families—

Whom should I address first, but you, after taking a last, final leave of the dear objects of my young hearts first love—and bidding farewell to the scenes and toils of my manhood!

"Not being able to sell my property, in connection with other causes of which you are apprised, I was obliged to start with very scanty funds—so scanty that I presume not one in a hundred would have ventured forth.

Then owing to a break in the canal I was so detained as to arrive in N. Y. only about four or five hours before the vessel sailed, which denied me any opportunity of seeing any friends and securing any influence in my behalf. The consequence was, I was allowed no deduction for my profession; was compelled to take a steerage passage: but before I left the Office the Lord moved their hearts (the Agents') to deduct $20. and convey my baggage *all,* four large trunks, over the Isthmus free.

"We set sail Wednesday 3 Oclock P. M. quite comfortably situated after all—My Wife wept, and felt very much humbled be sure: but 'it is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.' and if he escape it then, no doubt it will gall him some in later life.

"In the Stearage we are in the immediate vicinity of the engine, and other scenes of labor, where the crew are occupied. And though our food was wholesome, palitable, and abundant; corn beef & pork, sweet and well cooked, hard bread, called sea biscuit, potatoes, beans, butter, pickles, tea, coffee, and sugars, yet the kindly feeling of the hands were excited toward our prattling, singing, happy, group of little ones, and they were constantly loading them with cakes, light bread, raisins, apples, oranges & lemons &c. Our fellow passengers also treated us with a great deal of respect.—truly all was going fine and fair, and how could we but be devoutly greatful to God!

"Sabbath about one Oclock I was visited by two gentlemen from the cabin department of the vessel. At 3 P. M. I tried to preach Christ to them. Directly after service I was waited on by the Capt. who very kindly offered me, without any additional pay, a first cabin passage; discovering my family is large he very freely gave us two state Rooms, though one would answer very well—

"... Surely it is not for *my* sake ... O, how potent is the Gospel of Christ! And *He* shall have the honor forever. Thus is *freely* given one of His 'Brethren' to one of his 'little Ones' what costs others over $300. How truly the Earth is the Lord's, and the fullness there of; and the hearts of the children of Men are in His hands.

"28th June—Thursday Eve.—

"We expect tomorrow morning to arrive at the Isthmus.[137] In about two weeks you will probably receive this letter, when I hope to be just landing at San Francisco. All well and comfortable so far. Officers most respectful, attentive and generous. Passengers Kind and companionable ...

"A Kind Lady, attracted by Davy's sweet Black Eyes, left a gold drop in his hand—$2½.

"Since I last sat down to pen my finale, little Sally came running to me to show Pa her 'pritty, bright gold money which a Lady gave her'—$1.00.

"I *feel* you pray for us Dear Brothers & Sisters

"And most assuredly you are daily in our hearts at the Throne of Grace.

In Great Love

C. B. West"

Anna Augusta's *Reminiscences* continue the account:

"The family sailed from New York city on the steamship Northern Light, transferred at the Isthmus of Nicaragua to small steam boats going up the San Juan river and crossing the Nicaragua lakes. They then transferred to wagons, and rode across the twenty mile strip of land intervening between the lake and the Pacific ocean. It was a hilly region covered with a tropical forest. Soon they reached the little native seaport of Virgin Bay.[138]

"At this place it was learned that the natives were daily dying of cholera, and the ship's physician warned the passengers against indulgence in fruit. However, the Sierra Nevada Steamship must have taken a number of cholera infected passengers on board for in a few days the dread disease broke out among the passengers. At first there was almost a panic. Newly made friends who had vowed to stay by each other should the time of trial come, were now weighed and in many cases found wanting. Many, on seeing a companion suddenly stricken, forgot their vows and fled to their own small cabin and locked themselves within. Yet to the honor of humanity there were some brave souls who entered the stateroom of the stricken to give much needed aid to the overworked ship's physician.

"Among the first to respond to duty's call was Mr. West. He who had most freely given himself to the cause of humanity, now with cheek unblanched and step unfaltering entered the grewsome chamber of that dread disease to minister to the terror-stricken patient, or in greater peril he descended to the steerage—strong-hold of that grim disease—there to combine the services of nurse and pastor, to those who spent the dreadful hours of agony and suspense in hard and cheerless bunks open to the public gaze.

"Happy was this consecrated man to smooth the way to a joyful recovery, or per chance to cheer and support the parting soul in its celestial flight.

"These kind ministrations were not long to be continued. On the third day of this reign of terror, Mr. West complained of feeling very ill. He was assisted to his couch and Anna stayed with her mother at his bedside. It was seven in the evening, and the physician, a young and most kind and sympathetic man, came at once and did all he knew to relieve the patient. He knew, and all seemed to realize that no medical skill could avail. The dread disease progressed rapidly and at eleven that night... Very quietly at the last, after softly spoken words of faith and of consolation to his weeping wife and child he passed [away].

"An hour later, at midnight the last sad rite was over. It consisted only of wrapping the dearly loved form in bed clothing, attaching a weight to the feet and sinking the body beneath the waves. This was the ocean burial..."

X

WHAT HAPPENED THEN

Anna Augusta's *Reminiscences* continue:

"... As they neared San Francisco, there were grave fears among the passengers that the ship would be quarantined, but after being anchored a few hours in the bay pending an examination, all were allowed to land. More than 40 persons including some of the crew had perished on board the Sierra Nevada during the trip."

The steamship Sierra Nevada arrived at San Francisco from San Juan del Sur, the Pacific port for Nicaragua, on July 14, 1855. According to newspaper reports, thirty passengers had died of cholera during the trip.[139] This steamship company was notorious for its disregard for the safety and comfort of its passengers. On its next trip to San Francisco in October, 1855, it delivered 862 passengers of whom 205 were females. Forty-five others had died of cholera enroute. The Company's officers were accused of violating the Passenger Act of March 5, 1855, by having an excess of 320 passengers on this trip, laying the Company liable to a fine of $16,000.00.[140]

"Mrs. West and her little brood stopped for a few days to rest at one of the hotels of the city before they re-embarked for Oregon. The resident Baptist minister in San Francisco, Rev. Briarly,[141] and one or two of other denominations called upon Mrs. West, as did also the Editor and proprietor of the Golden Era. He was an old acquaintance and brought her a package of his paper. Everybody was kind and sympathetic."

The editor was probably Rollin Mallory Daggett who was born in Richville, New York, February 22, 1831. He came to California as a boy and, with J. Macdonough Foard, founded the *Golden Era* at San Francisco in December, 1852.[142]

"Soon Mrs. West and her family re-embarked on one of the small coast steamers plying between San Francisco and Portland.

"Then came a journey by stage up the beautiful gardenlike valley of the Willamette to Corvallis. There our travellers were met by A. R. Brown and wife, the latter being a cousin of Mrs. West. After a few days at their beautiful ranch, they resumed their journey by stage up the valley, across the Calapooia Mountains, and down the rough and rugged and rocky valley of the Umpqua River.

"Journeying on to Scottsburg, at the head of navigation, and about twenty miles from the ocean, they came at last to the home of John Hudson, eldest brother of Mrs. West, a pioneer of 1847. He had lost his wife and two young sons by fever in crossing the plains, reaching this coast with three sons, the remnant of a family of nine boys. They kept house for themselves as women housekeepers were not to be had for love nor money in all that womanless region.

" 'The Judge,' as he was called, (he was justice of the peace) was sixty years old, bent and aged and wrinkled and shaking with the palsy. The sons, Shadrach, Clark, and Joseph, were all grown. They lived in a fine house for pioneer times, a two story frame painted white and further ornamented with many windows.

"The homestead comprised a half section of fertile valley land. A beautiful young orchard lay at the back of the house, and beyond, stretching half a mile to the river, lay fine fields of golden grain.

"After a short visit Mrs. West and the five little Wests continued up the main Umpqua river . . . to Mrs. West's donation claim.

"Work had been suspended when Mr. West departed to the east. The foundations of the dwelling house, a little overgrown with weeds, the piles of lumber, shingles and stone, all remained as he had left them. There was also quite a little orchard of young trees, and the remains of a garden enclosed by a rough brush fence. The site of the proposed Baptist Academy, a few rods from the dwelling was indicated by an embryonic stone.

"All these plans were now suddenly stopped. The enterprise had come to an untimely end by the sudden and lamented death of its projector. The eastern teachers that had been engaged were notified of the change. Many good and earnest pioneer families for miles around sincerely mourned the death of the man who during his brief stay among them as pastor, teacher and friend, had greatly endeared himself, and enthused them all with the project of building and maintaining a permanent school, the most urgent need of the country.

"Mrs. West was greatly impressed by the wild loveliness of the place and also with its solitariness. About a half mile wide, the smooth and beautiful valley lay along the rough and roaring river, comparatively quiet now, as it playfully rippled among its gray boulders, but a full and dangerous mountain torrent when swollen by the rains of winter. High rolling hills plentifully covered with oak and underbrush shut the little valley in on three sides, and with no town or postoffice within twelve miles, and no bridge across the treacherous river, and no neighbors within two miles, and no road in and out of the valley except one that was but little better than a tortuous trail among brushy and stony hills, Mrs. West decided that she could not live there alone.

"Not far from the spot where now stands the small railroad station of Wilbur, a Methodist school had been established. The building, a two story edifice was also used for church purposes and town hall, and was called the Umpqua Academy . . . [It] was in charge of Rev. T. F. Royal assisted by his wife and sister. It was a highly flourishing school of two years standing, having in attendance from fifty to eighty pupils, many of whom came from a long distance."

James H. B. Royal was the principal of Umpqua Academy from April 17, 1854, to July 6, 1855. Addison R. Flint was principal for the school year 1855-6. Rev. Thomas Fletcher Royal was the principal for 1856-9.[143]

The *Reminiscences* conclude:

"Mrs. West decided to cast her lot among these people, being at heart a Methodist, build here a home, board pupils for a living, and educate her children. She bought a lot among the beautiful oaks at a convenient distance from the schoolhouse upon which to erect her little house. The one carpenter of the country whom she employed was assisted by nearly all the able bodied men of the neighborhood who volunteered to help build Sister West's house . . .

"When Mrs. West became nicely settled in her new home, her family enlarged by half a dozen boarders for the school, she bravely faced the situation, literally rolled up her sleeves and went cheerfully to work . . ."

* * *

During the century which has passed, Calvin B. West's blood has coursed through the veins of several lawyers, two judges, many teachers, research scientists, writers, and other thinkers and builders.

He was neither an early political leader, nor a great industrial genius. Yet he gave something of lasting worth to the Umpqua during a crucial period in its history. He emphasized brains over brawn and pin-pointed a faith which had almost slipped away from the pioneers during the years of transition from the East to their new homes in Oregon.

His contribution was faith and love, rather than wealth and prestige. For less than a year he taught school, organized churches, and brought to consciousness ideals which had been almost submerged. His days in the Umpqua were short, but what he left was a silent influence for years after his name was forgotten.

[*Notes on page 136*]

NOTES

128. Unpublished *Reminiscences* of Ann Augusta West Webster, written in 1909.
129. David West lived near Princeton, Illinois.
130. This letter would seem to indicate that West visited his brother in Illinois enroute from Panama to his own home in Ohio.
131. Portland Academy and Female Seminary was founded by Rev. James H. Wilbur in 1851. *O. H. Q.,* Vol. X, No. 2, pp. 21-22.
132. The Oregon City College was founded by Rev. Ezra Fisher in 1850. *O. H. Q.,* Vol. XVI, pp. 81-83.
133. Willamette University.
134. Now Eola in Polk County.
135. Umpqua Academy.
136. Garden Valley, Cole's Valley, Flournoy's, and Looking Glass Valley.
137. Isthmus of Nicaragua.
138. The lake port is Virgin Bay; the seaport is San Juan del Sur.
139. Huggins, Dorothy. *Continuation of the Annals of San Francisco,* San Francisco, 1939, p. 54.
140. *Ibid.,* p. 70.
141. The Rev. B. Brierly was the Baptist minister in San Francisco. *Annals of San Francisco,* p. 693.
142. Cummins, Ella Sterling. *The Story of the Files,* San Francisco, 1893, pp. 13-20 and pp. 111-114.
143. *O. H. Q.,* Vol. XXI, pp. 87-91.

THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN

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Glenn W. Price, Associate Editor of the Pacific Historian, will be at the University of Southern California during the coming year in the enjoyable and absorbing task of completing his doctorate. However, we have been assured that articles from his pen will appear in these pages from time to time.

Calvin B. West of the Umpqua was issued in book form from the presses of Lawton Kennedy during the present month. The price is $12.50. Orders may be filled through the California History Foundation, University of the Pacific.

COLUMBIA MEETING

Quite appropriately, the Conference of California Historical Societies rounded out its first seven years with the Annual Meeting at Columbia on June 22-23-24. L. Burr Belden, veteran newspaper man of San Bernardino, the current president, presided in a dignified and masterful manner. Tillie Sheatsley and her local committee met every requirement of gracious hosts. Dr. Clarence McIntosh (who, incidentally, was elected president for the coming year) provided an interesting and challenging program. Perhaps the finest tribute to the efficient work of Executive Secretary R. Coke Wood, was the fact that most of the men and women who founded the organization seven years ago were in attendance at this Columbia meeting. All the other officers were doing their work exceptionally well. The Conference closed with a benediction (good talk) —without which no meeting would be quite complete— from the dean of California historians, Dr. Rockwell D. Hunt.

[*Continued from page 103*]

19. For information concerning Ogden's later expeditions into the Snake Country, see: T. C. Elliott, Ed., "Journal of the Snake Country Expedition, 1826–27," *Oregon Historical Quarterly,* vol. XI, no. 2 (June, 1910); "Journals of the Snake Country Expeditions, 1827–28; 1828–29," *Oregon Historical Quarterly,* vol. XI, no. 4 (Dec., 1910). Mr. Elliott edited these journals which were copied from the originals in the Hudson Bay Company's Archives in London by Agnes Laut circa 1904. Unfortunately, Miss Laut did not make verbatim copies of these journals, and thus there are gaps of several weeks existing between entries in these diaries. Elliott's copies of the Laut drafts are now part of the T. C. Elliott Collection of the Oregon Historical Society in Portland where this author compared these drafts with the published works for omissions or errors.

20. Dale L. Morgan & Carl I. Wheat, *Jedediah Smith & his Maps of the American West* (San Francisco, 1954). For further information concerning cartography, consult: Wheat, "Mapping of the American West, 1540–1857," *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society* (Worcester, Mass., 1955) vol. 64; Wheat, *Mapping of the Transmississippi West, 1804–1845,* vol. 11 (San Francisco, 1958).

21. C. Gregory Crampton & Gloria G. Griffen (Cline), "The San Buenaventura, Mythical River of the West," *The Pacific Historical Review,* vol. XXV (May, 1956).

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THE HISTORY CALENDAR

August 30-31, September 1-2, 1961

Annual Meeting, American Association State and Local History, Palace Hotel, San Francisco

September 11, 1961

Fall Term begins, University of the Pacific

September 17, 1961

Seventh Lynnewood Conference

October 6-7, 1961

Tenth Annual Northern California-Southern Oregon Historical Symposium, Ashland, Oregon

October 15, 1961

Eighth Lynnewood Conference

November 4, 1961

Jedediah Smith Society Fall Rendezvous, University of the Pacific

November 19, 1961

Ninth Lynnewood Conference

January 21, 1962

Tenth Lynnewood Conference

February ....., 1962

Fifth Annual Southern California Historical Symposium, Santa Ana

February 18, 1962

Eleventh Lynnewood Conference

March 18, 1962

Twelfth Lynnewood Conference

April 6-7, 1962

Fifteenth Annual California History Foundation Institute, University of the Pacific

April 7, 1962

Jedediah Smith Society Breakfast

April 14-21, 1962

Fifteenth Annual California Missions Tour

June ....., 1962

Eighth Annual Conference California Historical Societies, Los Angeles